

## Quote's Bad Hair Day

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/7190714) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/7190714>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">洞窟物語   Cave Story</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Quote/Curly Brace, Jack/King</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Jack (Cave Story), Toroko (Cave Story), Quote (Cave Story), Sue Sakamoto, Balrog (Cave Story), Misery (Cave Story), Mahin (Cave Story), The Doctor (Cave Story), Chako (Cave Story), Ballos (Cave Story)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Anthropomorphic, Rabbits, Robots, Male Homosexuality, Glasses, Satire, Adorkable, Adorable, Alcohol Abuse/Alcoholism, Anti-Hero, Video &amp; Computer Games, Parody, Classics, Humor, Funny, Weirdness, Deconstruction, Fourth Wall, Prostitution, Insanity, Rape, Crossdressing, Swords, Gunplay, Violence, Blood and Gore, Torture, Prison, Witches, Violence Against Toasters, Abuse, Crack</a>
Stats:	Published: 2016-06-13 Chapters: 8/8 Words: 40441

## Quote's Bad Hair Day

by [xandermarting98](#)

### Summary

In a very underrated and actually quite creative parody of Cave Story, the characters' true personalities are shown in a way that is indeed very reminiscent of Conker's Bad Fur Day.

More importantly, Jack gets turned into the best character in the game.

## Part 1

One day, a green-haired pussy by the name of Kazuma received an instant message from Sue; they were both on desktop computers, with Kazuma being trapped inside some kind of shed.

\*chat room opened\*

SUE: Wazzup, bro?

KAZUMA: Aw, nothing much...except for the fact that I'm trapped inside of a dungeon with no food or water and I'm going to DIE OMG PLZ HELP ME!

SUE: Aw, don't be such a baby. You've only been in there for about two or three hours at most.

KAZUMA: Come on Sue, you know me. You know how much of a pansy I am.

JACK: Yeah, you're even more of a pussy than C-3PO from Star Wars!

KAZUMA: Who the hell is Jack?

SUE: He's a green dinosaur from the planet Mars.

KAZUMA: That sounds soooooo kewl!

JACK: English, motherfucker, do you speak it?

KAZUMA: Well...yes and no. Anyway, you see, the problem is that there's no porn in here and I'm so hungry that I even ate my own cock! LOL JK! But just so you know...if I get to that point, I'll do it.

SUE: Well then, are you hungry enough to learn what sarcasm means?

KAZUMA: Sarcasm? What's that?

JACK: We're done talking about this.

SUE: Agreed.

\*chat room closed\*

At that moment, Quote woke up in a cave. Although it certainly looked rather dinky and average, this cave had a story to tell. (See what I did there?)

Unable to speak, Quote could only think to himself. "Where am I? It smells like piss in here." he thought to himself as he climbed out of the cesspool room and opened the door into his First Cave.

After heading over to the left (since heading to the right is too mainstream) and heading down to the lower level of the rather conspicuously banana-shaped tunnel, he came across a small pond that looked too big to jump across regardless; however, there was a lot of flat ground leading up to it.

"Goddamned bats, why does every single freaking platform game on the planet have to have them?" Quote thought angrily to himself as he dodged around the bats, using the aforementioned flat stretch of ground to get a running start and attempt to jump all the way across the pond to the other side. He recorded each subsequent attempt in his internal journal.

12/20/2004

Dear Journal,

Today I finally jumped over the piss pond after many failed attempts.

- ATTEMPT #1: I accidentally hit my groin on the top corner of the wall extending out from the pond and consequently toppled over in immense pain.
- ATTEMPT #2: I attempted to fly like Superman during my jump, but ended up face-planting my entire frontal body against the wall instead.
- ATTEMPT #3: I thought I heard someone asking me to play Mahjong with them and it was distracting me from the goal of putting my full physical force into the jump.
- ATTEMPT #4: I opened my secret emergency chest compartment and fired missiles and laser beams at the wall, but it didn't even leave a dent whatsoever.
- ATTEMPT #5: I walked on water...or in water, I should say.
- ATTEMPT #6: I accidentally swallowed a wasp in mid-air and almost choked to death.
- ATTEMPT #7: Finally, I managed to leap all the way across the pond. Thank God.

"Phew..." Quote sighed with relief as he pulled himself up and rolled over onto the ledge. "Now if I can just wade through this next...puddle...I might find something interesting!" he thought to himself with a smile.

"Ooo, a giant panther head, very scary!" Quote thought sarcastically to himself, entering the mouth of the false beast and stealing a gun from the house of the old man inside.

"Looks like Grandpa won't be needing this anymore..." Quote thought to himself as he went back up to the upper level of the passage, blasting every borderline harmless monster in sight to bits with his trusty...laser squirt pistol. "Well, what can I say, it's better than nothing!" he thought to himself as he shot down the wall on the right which had previously prevented him from leaving the passage.

Just as he was about to exit the place, however, he was suddenly attacked by the door! "What is this, Metroid? Well, two can play at that game!" he thought to himself furiously as he blasted the door into smithereens...well, the monster door with the regular door inside it, that is.

Exiting through the door, he was surprised when he found not a boss, but rather himself crashing straight down into Mimiga Town.

Quote's landing surprised King and Toroko, two adorable anthro-bunny-rabbit creatures who just so happened to be standing right next to the spot where he landed.

King was basically your archetypical badass 1990s anti-hero and sword wielder, while Toroko, his ludicrously cute and cuddly little sister, was basically exactly that; pure, concentrated, fluffy, cushy, cuddly cuteness right down to the freaking bone marrow. In fact, she was literally so god-damned cute that it would actually make Kirby jealous.

Unfortunately, though, she ran away as soon as Quote hit the ground; King was merely knocked over. "Who are you?" Quote gestured with his hands.

"I am King." he introduced himself, shaking hands with Quote. "I'm the number one in this village. However, that isn't really saying much because we have only six people left here and one of them is a fat cow."

"I see." Quote gestured. "Who was that cutesy-wutesy girl I caught a glimpse of?"

"That's Toroko, my sister." King answered. "Despite her appearance, she is actually 14. And before you ask, she is off limits! Understood?" he clarified, giving Jack the evil eye from halfway across the village.

Quote nodded his head and walked off.

"Oh, wait, one last thing..." King remembered. "Don't stare directly into Toroko's eyes for too long or you will begin to develop diabetes. I learned that the hard way." he warned Quote.

Quote nodded his head again and walked over to the left, across the pond and into the reservoir chamber, where there was a small lake in store for him. Quote jumped like a rabbit onto each platform hanging from the ceiling until he reached the one where Kanpachi, the village's resident fisherman, was busy sitting and fishing; for some reason, there were cobwebs starting to form on his body.

"Hey, man, what's up, dude?" Kanpachi asked him, smiling. "Hey, have you found my sandals anywhere? If you have, then that'd be pretty groovy, ya hear?"

Quote shook his head left and right. "Aw, bummer, man...come on, don't just leave me hanging here..." Kanpachi groaned.

Quote jumped into the lake, grabbed a suspicious-looking fish-necklace thing off the bottom of the lake, and then clambered back out onto shore. Upon seeing him with her beloved Silver Locket necklace, she squealed like a ferocious baby kitten and ran out through the door, with Quote curiously pursuing her for lack of anything better to do.

As Quote followed her through the door, Toroko blindly charged straight into King, knocking him at least a foot through the air. "Urgh...not...one of my finer moments..." King growled.

"Haha, you fell down!" Quote gestured to him.

"WHY, YOU LITTLE-" But, before King could grab him, Quote was already on the other side of the village, talking to Jack, who was a rather interesting, if extremely minor, character standing in front of the door to the graveyard. He wore an incredibly obvious pair of nerd glasses juxtaposed with an incredibly stylish pseudo-Russian hat, and there was something oddly charming about his general demeanor; he just couldn't stop pointing his finger at people.

"So, uhh...what do you do around here?" Quote gestured to him.

"Hello, friend. My name is Jack." Jack informed him.

"Wow, that's a really generic name! What's next, is there gonna be a girl named Sue?" Quote asked him.

"Hey, it's a hell of a lot better than Quote, ya know!" Jack replied, getting a little pissed off.

"How did you guess my name?" Quote asked him.

"Hard work and determination." Jack replied, winking.

"Anyway, could you please tell me what you actually do around here?" Quote asked him.

"I work here." Jack replied.

"Doing what?" Quote asked exasperatedly.

"Taking care of all the graves." Jack explained. "Beats being a janitor."

Uninterested in the conversation, Quote left.

"Alright, back to business. Must...beat...high...score..." Jack whispered to himself, licking his lips as he pulled his Game Boy back out of his shirt pocket and continued his ongoing game of Tetris.

"Toroko? Toroko? Uhh...Fuzz-bunny? Fluffy-kins? Kirby-on-steroids? Cutie-pie? Beady-eyes? Puffy-little-cotton-ball-thing? Um...Sweetie-weetie? Oh, Toroko, where ARE you?" Quote pretended to call to Toroko, trying to find her. "Jesus H. Christ, where in the fuck is she!?"

After climbing halfway down the village's giant jungle gym tower, he found some fat guy gorging himself on macaroni. "Who are you?" Quote gestured to him.

"I'm Mahin. Pleased to meet you." Mahin replied, cheese dripping from his mouth.

"Uhh, could you tell me where Toroko went?" Quote asked him.

"Sorry, I'm too busy eating." Mahin replied.

"Dammit!" Quote thought to himself, snapping his fingers. "Let me guess...she's in the building where you would least expect to see her."

"I love it when I'm right." Quote smiled as he stepped into an old abandoned shack and saw Toroko's beady, sparkly little puppy-dog eyes poking out from behind the rubble. "Damn, exposure to her sheer degree of concentrated adorableness really is dangerous to my health. I can't even imagine how humans would react to it."

"I'll show you how they would react, Mr. Daisy!" Toroko responded, brandishing a stick that was small enough for her to effortlessly flail with one hand (and she wasn't exactly strong, either; in fact, she was quite the opposite).

"SQUEEEEEEEEEEE!" Toroko squealed at the top of her dainty little lungs, leaping out from behind the rubble and running back and forth wildly like an idiot while flailing the stick back and forth in hopes of hitting someone (namely Quote).

Quote simply leapt onto the tiny little brick platform hanging from the ceiling and waited...and waited...and waited...and waited...and waited some more.

TWO HOURS LATER...

"Gee whiz, are you frigging done yet?" Quote wondered, checking his watch.

"I'M FINISHED!" Toroko wailed, bursting into a gushing waterfall of sugary tears. "I give up! Please spare me, Mr. Daisy, I've been a real bad girl! Waah!"

"Aww, it's okay, it's okay, shh, shh." Quote reassured her, picking her up and hugging her gently; she was literally at least three times as cuddly as the world's softest teddy bear. "Coochie coochie coochie..."

"Teeheehee! Aw, you silly boy, that tickles!" Toroko giggled and wiggled while covering her mouth with her hands, her cheeks blushing even more rosy pink than normal.

Just as Quote was right about to literally faint onto the floor and pass out from Cuteness Overload Syndrome, some guy shaped like a toaster suddenly busted his way in through the front door, leaving a Kool-Aid-Man-sized hole in the wall.

"I am Balrog! HUZZAH!" he yelled enthusiastically.

"The fuck does that mean?" Quote gestured to him, triggering one of many incredibly long run-on sentence definitions stored within Balrog's encyclopedic memory database.

"Huzzah (noun): An ancient word from Old English medieval times which denotes an often false sense of satisfaction, or, in today's terms, Balrog's catchphrase in the video game Cave Story, which was released by none other than Studio Pixel on the day of December 20, 2004 and went on to become a fabled cult classic with quite easily the best soundtrack in the history of gaming, leading it to incredible fame in the many years since its release, and if this sentence is starting to become too long for you, well then you can go and perform the act of oral suction on Studio Pixel's big long-"

"Alright, look, Buster, seriously, you need...to SHUT...THE FUCK...UP!" Quote gestured furiously at him. "For God's sake, and for the sake of the Mimiga people, let's just get this fucking show on the road already! You know what a road is, right?"

"Road (verb)-"

"A ROAD ISN'T A FUCKING VERB, DUMBASS!" Quote accidentally yelled at him, tackling him onto the ground.

"YAY! It's a giant toy! And it even TALKS, too! WHEE HEE HEE HEE HEE!" Toroko squealed joyously, chasing a butterfly around as if there was no tomorrow and the entire world depended on it. "Give me hugs, bees! Buggy-wuggy-wuggy-wuggy-wuggy! Aww!" she purred.

"TOROKO!" Quote yelled at her while punching Balrog in the face repeatedly. "PLEASE try to restrain yourself! I'm literally about to MELT over here from how ridiculously sweet and adorable you are! Could you please tone it down a little?"

"I'm afraid that won't be necessary!" Balrog retorted as he flipped himself back up onto his feet, sending Quote flying across the room and accidentally hitting Toroko.

"Oh my God, sweetie, are you okay?" Quote asked her.

"I've got nasty boo-boos!" Toroko cried.

"Well, there's no longer any time to take care of them, because Misery is here, baby!" Balrog taunted them as Misery, a blue-haired witch who didn't wear a hat and levitated without using a broomstick, teleported into the room.

"You can run, but you can't hide!" Balrog threatened them. "I've got the nose of a clever Harrier!"

"Yes, indeed, he certainly does possess the nose of a dog, and also perhaps the brain, I might add." Misery explained rather trollishly. "I bet you could literally pick his brain right out through his nose."

"But I don't even have a frigging nose!" Balrog suddenly realized out of nowhere.

"Exactly." Misery replied with a smirk.

"Well, whatever, this place still looks like shit!" Balrog retorted. "I bet it smells like shit too! P-U!"

"And that's why you'll be cleaning it up after you've disposed of this troublemaking little scamp!" Misery commanded him.

"Which one?" Balrog asked.

"For God's sake, the one that isn't the most adorable little thing you've ever laid eyes upon!" Misery clarified.

Adorable (noun): Toroko and various other members of the Mimiga species-

"You know what, fuck it, I'm just gonna kidnap her, I don't care if she's Sue or not! I just wanna pinch her chubby widdle cheeks- err, I mean, BRUTALLY ENSLAVE AND MURDER HER IN VICIOUSLY COLD BLOOD!" Misery concluded rather hastily and irrationally.

"FUCK YEAH, AMERICA! Just what the Doctor ordered!" Balrog yelled with delightful satisfaction. He didn't even really know what he was doing, he just thought that brutally enslaving and murdering people in viciously cold blood sounded really, really cool.

"Gaze upon the spectacular beauty of my fabulous magical powers!" Misery commanded everyone in the building, drawing Toroko's attention.

"HI!" Toroko squealed with pure childlike joy, bouncing up and down (like a bunny, obviously) and waving the bad guys hello.

"My Lord, she really is the cutest little bunny I've ever seen! I actually feel bad for having to do this to her!" Misery cried. "She's so god-damned cute, she looks as if she could literally just curl up into a giant fur ball and start rolling around the room just for fun at any second!"

"Um...are you crying right now?" Quote asked her.

"What- NO! THESE TEARS ARE FAKE!" Misery screamed even though she really was devastated on the inside by the fact that she was working for such a terrible cause. "ENSLAVE, ENSLAVE, ENSLAVE! BALROG, LET'S ENSLAVE EVERYONE!"

And with that, she broke out into a fit of sobbing as she trapped Toroko inside of a rather fittingly harmless and adorable magic bubble-

"Seriously? A magic bubble? That's the best thing you could come up with?" Quote asked her disappointedly, cocking one of his eyebrows.

"Oh, shut up, it's better than having no magic powers at all!" Misery snapped.

"And away we go!" Misery yelled.

"I'm not Sue!" Toroko wailed.

"I don't care who you are, you're coming with me to the doctor!" Misery explained.

"No! Anything but the real Mr. Daisy! Waah!" Toroko bawled, causing her eyes to glisten with tears in such a beautifully heartwarming way that the mere sight of it would literally melt a normal man's heart into liquid almost instantly (which, by the way, is actually an extremely disgusting

process and would also literally kill you).

"Jesus Christ, enough with the fucking bowling-ball eyes!" Misery scolded her. "It's already bad enough that your normal level of cuteness has the potential to cause cuddle-cancer!"

"Noooooooo!" Toroko squealed helplessly, flailing her arms up and down like a human hummingbird as she was carried off in the bubble.

"Goodbye, hero..." Misery spat as she teleported off, leaving Balrog alone in the room with Quote.

"So...you wanna fight me with that little pea shooter of yours?" Balrog taunted.

"Fuck that, Columbo." Quote denied him. "I'ma gonna fight you with my bare fists!"

"Technically, you see, they aren't actually bare." Balrog explained. "You see, you're wearing a certain thing called gloves, which protect the hands from injury, hazardous materials and also-"

"GET THE FUCK OVER HERE, BITCH!" Quote yelled at him, charging straight at him and beating the ever-loving shit screws out of him.

All the while, Jack was just sitting in his lawn-chair, eating popcorn, watching the bloodless carnage unfold. "WOO-HOO! Better than pro wrestling!" Jack cheered.

"Yeah, you'd better fucking run!" Quote yelled at the horribly damaged Balrog, shaking his fist at him as he ran away squealing for his mommy. Luckily, Balrog automatically repaired the damage dealt to him over time, so he wasn't really in any particular danger of death, even after being curb-stomped 46 times in a row.

"Quote!" King yelled, grabbing his attention. "I forgot where I left my house keys! You gotta go find them!"

"King, for the millionth time, I've hid them in front of Arthur's gravestone in the local graveyard ever since I rebuilt this entire village with my bare hands! You should already know where they are!" Jack reminded him.

"Touché." King mumbled.

"What was that?" Jack asked him somewhat arrogantly.

"Oh, nothing." King replied, shrugging his shoulders.

"Wait a minute, you did WHAT?" Quote asked Jack, amazed and impressed by Jack's surprisingly iconic feat of reconstructing Mimiga Town into what it currently was at the time when this story took place.

"What can I say? I'm the best!" Jack explained in an incredibly, strikingly smug manner, complete with placing his hand on his chest and closing his eyes while saying it.

"Anyway, I would be able to get the keys for you if you would just let me into the frigging graveyard!" Jack argued.

"Don't be hasty, Jack." King reminded him. "The graveyard is full of frightening monsters. Especially at night. OOOOOO!" he explained, illuminating his face from below with a flashlight, except that it didn't actually have any effect because the area wasn't even remotely dark at all.

"Oh, bah humbug! Enough of that childish nonsense!" Jack laughed. "I can handle the monsters

myself! I'll have you know I was trained long ago in the art of JEEYU-JITSU!"

"Yeah, and I suppose Hitler was also trained in the art of JEEYU-SLAUGHTER." King retorted, crossing his arms, rolling his eyes, and tapping his foot; if anything, he was simply waiting for Jack to stop talking.

"Well, okay, I suppose you got me there, but have you seen my new high score on Tetris-"

"UH-UH!" King signaled, putting his index finger over his lips. "SHH! QUIET! I don't wanna hear about your frigging Tetris high score! No one gives two shits about high scores anymore! Accept it! Dammit, why do you have to be such a fucking narc?"

"I'm just fabulous like that." Jack replied, setting the two of them off into a ridiculously long and overblown argument about the globally important subject of which one of them was more of a douche.

"Um, O-K, I'm just gonna sneak out of here and ignore this conversation, if those two don't mind..." Quote thought to himself as he climbed back up to the top of the village and entered the door that Jack had previously been guarding.

"Umm...what's so scary about this place? Wow, these Mimiga things must be really frigging weak..." Quote thought to himself as he saw the bone-chillingly terrifying reality of the graveyard...at night.

Apart from a single anthropomorphic knife-wielding frog-thing who was presumably the grave-keeper, the only monsters that were even there to begin with were these cutesy little mushroom things that if I do say so myself were actually almost as adorable as Toroko.

"Damn, I really do feel bad for killing these things..." Quote thought to himself as he shot the mushrooms dead. "I do like the fact that they're dropping more Doritos for me to eat, though."

"Whoa, my weapon just upgraded!" Quote realized. "The shots became a lot bigger! What's in those Doritos anyway? Interstellar steroids?"

Just then, the grave-keeper appeared, brandishing his knife. Quote screamed like a girl, but then he realized that the man was actually absurdly slow and in fact rather sluggish and inept with the weapon itself, probably due to old age.

"Wow, he's as slow as molasses climbing up a hill in January...with crutches!" Quote amusingly thought to himself as he effortlessly jumped over the grave-keeper and shot him in the back.

"Hmm...looks like I just killed the grave-keeper." Quote realized. "Oh, whatever, he'll just re-spawn when I come back to this area anyway, so who cares?" Quote additionally realized, shrugging his shoulders.

Suddenly, as Quote reached what was presumably Arthur's gravestone at the top of the graveyard, Jack somehow snuck up right behind him. "Hello, friend."

"AAA!" Quote screamed. "You startled me!"

"Good." Jack smirked. "I'm cool like that."

"Anyway, swag aside," Quote sighed, "what exactly is so special about Arthur's tombstone? I mean, don't get me wrong, I remember a certain pizza brand in Texas that was called Tombstone, and it was admittedly pretty good for frozen pizza, if you catch my drift..."

"WHAT?" Jack stammered. "Y-y-you don't k-know w-what's so s-special about...Arthur's...T-TOMBSTONE?!"

ENVIFVCDIYQGVISXYGYWGSUWNWZONOTNVRICBEXOEMXWPWS!"

"Um, once you finish that whole writhing on the floor roaring like an animal thing you're doing-"

"I AM AN ANIMAL!" Jack growled at him.

"-maybe you could actually give me a real answer to my question rather than just having a total seizure." Quote suggested. "What exactly IS so important about Arthur's gravestone? What did he do? Who did he date? When did he die? Why is he remembered? Where did he die?"

"Ugh...always with the fucking QUESTIONS!" Jack groaned. "Anyway, you see, the reason why I'm making such a huge fuss about this stupid rock here is because...well...it represents the death of a very important man! I don't really wanna talk about it, but...well, here goes!"

ONE HALF-HOUR LATER...

"...and to make a long story short, Arthur was a beautiful and handsome man, like me except even more so, who pretty much fit the noble knight stereotype to a T in basically every single department except for the shiny armor and corny one-liners." Jack explained. "Oh, and, on a semi-related side note...he also got eaten and defecated by Shrek's cousin who used to be a football player for the Redskins back when he was originally human."

"So, do you have anything specific to ask me about this wonderfully tragic tale of woe, Quote?" Jack asked him.

"WHAT THE FUCK IS A SHREK?!" Quote asked in response.

"Oh my fucking god..." Jack face-palmed.

"Anyway," Jack continued, "as you probably already remember, this right here is what we call Arthur's tombstone. Oh, I see you're reading the text on the stone, aren't you?"

"It says: MANY HEROES SHALL FALL, BUT ONLY ONE SHALL DELIVER THE UNFORGETTABLE QUOTE OF JUSTICE." Quote read earnestly. "Hey, what do you know, it's ME!"

"Indeed, this stone is the best rock ever!" Jack realized.

"Rock and ROLL!" Quote agreed.

"Pray to the stone. Worship the stone." Jack suddenly began chanting.

"Touch the stone." Jack continued. "LICK THE STONE...lick the stone, lick the stone. Stone, stone, stone, stone, stone, stone."

"Umm...what in God's name is up with him?" Quote asked King. "He seems to be acting a little...crazy. I mean, honestly, he's literally writhing on the floor right now, mumbling and whispering dramatically about wanting to fuck someone's tombstone as we speak!"

"Oh, don't worry about him." King encouraged Quote. "He's just on his typical mushroom high again. Nothing special. It sure does crack me up, though."

"Agreed." Quote agreed, cracking open a beer with King and just watching Jack's ridiculous antics,

which included but were not limited to humping someone's tombstone for no apparent reason, unfold.

Once those shenanigans were over with, Jack was sent to his room for a nap while Quote unlocked the door to Arthur's house, used the desktop computer inside to activate the house's handy-dandy teleportation device which eerily resembled the save stations from Super Metroid, and embarked on his journey to and through the Egg Corridor.

## Part 2

"Hey, what is this place?" Quote wondered.

"Your mom." the nameless robot standing right next to him replied.

"Get real." Quote commanded him.

"Oh, come on, didn't you read the sign on the teleporter?" the robot asked him. "It's the Egg Corridor!"

"Well, what kind of eggs are stored here?" Quote asked.

"Mimiga eggs." the robot replied.

"WHAT? There's no way Mimiga eggs are that big!" Quote retorted with surprise, seeing that the eggs had a diameter of at least 12 feet.

"Haha, no silly, those are called dragon eggs!" the robot chuckled. "Every ten years, the eggs stored inside this hallway will hatch, all at the same time, giving birth to a new generation of bloodthirsty, savage monsters!"

"Umm...I haven't exactly seen any bloodthirsty, savage monsters here." Quote replied. "I mean, I may have heard about one..."

"We do not speak his name." the robot replied.

"Well, okay, then." Quote replied. "By the way, what is that white thing moving back and forth on the bottom floor?"

"Your mom's used condom." the robot joked.

"URGH, would you SHUT UP?!" Quote replied. "Just answer the question, for fuck's sake!"

"Okay, okay, okay, just calm down!" the robot replied. "Anyway, I don't really know what that thing is supposed to be, but it has spikes on it, so try to avoid it!"

And so Quote set off on his journey, making a rapid beeline right through his mother's- er, I mean, the island's- egg corridor, blasting rhinoceroses, flies and slimes with his beloved piece-of-shit Polar Star.

**"WHY DOES THE FUCKING GUN DOWNGRADE WHEN I GET HIT?!"** Quote yelled angrily.  
**"IT MAKES NO FUCKING SENSE WHATSOEVER!"**

Soon, he reached the spot with a pipe protruding from the ceiling where Sue was apparently readying herself to go up against a hulking, monstrous Mimiga who was at least three times her size. "Dumbass..." Quote muttered.

"IGOR WILL CRUSH PUNY SUE!" Igor warned her arrogantly.

"HA! I'd like to see you try, loser!" Sue laughed even more arrogantly. "I beat-up my bitch-ass brother all the time! I'M BLACK, NIGGA!" she boasted, her legs obviously quivering as she shook her barely raised fists.

"RACIST PUNY FOOL!" Igor scolded her. "YOU COME WITH ME!" he forced her, punching her lights out and dragging her off.

"Well, to be fair, she kinda deserved that..." Quote thought to himself, scratching his head. "Oh, what the hell, I'll just go and save her anyway! It's not like I really have any choice..."

And so Quote set off through the rest of the egg corridor, until he reached a dead end. "Da hell is this shit?" Quote wondered. "A fucking laser barrier? Seriously? Sigh...very well, then, I guess I'll just have to go and look for clues..."

First, Quote backtracked over to Cthulhu's house (no, not the mythological beast Cthulhu, just some random guy named Cthulhu) and asked him about it.

He replied, "Go away."

Irritated, Quote then backtracked all the way back to the beginning of the level and asked the robot about it, to which he responded "What do I look like to you, a strategy guide? Figure this shit out on your own! For fuck's sake, it ain't rocket science! Seriously, I had a harder time finishing Super Metroid Redesign without walkthroughs!"

"Wait a minute, WHAT?" Quote suddenly asked in shock. "Super Metroid Redesign? You mean the original Super Metroid Redesign? Is- is- is that game even possible to beat without a walkthrough?"

"Technically, yes. I have my methods..." the robot replied.

"You're totally bluffing!" Quote teased him, wagging a finger at him.

"Am not!" the robot snapped.

"How much do you wanna bet?" Quote asked him smugly.

"Well, my head is a piggy bank, so..."

"That's all I need to know!" Quote retorted gleefully, unscrewing the robot's head and running off with it.

"Hey, you come back here right this instant!" the robot yelled, waving his arms up and down, again, like a human hummingbird. "Oh, uhh...hi there, Quote. Heh heh..."

"Quit while you're a head!" Quote teased him, opening up the money hatch inside the robot's neck and dumping all of its contents into the inter-dimensional storage bank concealed within his stylish red pants. He then threw the head into the garbage can located next to Cthulhu's house.

"Kill me." the robot's head begged him. "Later." Quote replied.

The next place he checked was the main save point building. After passing the building twice and somehow not noticing its importance, he finally saw the floppy-disk symbol on the front door and said "OOH, LOOK, A SAVE POINT!"

Inside the building, he saw a bunch of monitors. As he walked past them, they all suddenly turned on. Most of them had blue screens, but two of them had red screens. Normally, this isn't a good sign, but in this case, it was.

Using the elevator, he went upstairs and found a treasure chest just sitting there on the top floor.

"MINE MINE MINE MINE MINE!"

He opened it, and surprisingly, rather than just being a trap, the chest actually had treasure inside of it! "OOH, A ROCKET LAWNCHAIR!" Quote squealed with joy, pulling it out of the chest and attaching it to his arm.

"HEYHEYHEYHEYHEYHEYHEYHEYAHH!" Quote yelled with excitement as he randomly fired missiles everywhere; unfortunately, the computers were not indestructible.

"Aw shit, looks like I 'accidentally' broke a few computers..." Quote smirked. "Oh, well, they're kind of stupid anyway, no one really cares about Windows 98 anymore. I mean, seriously, who on Earth still uses that shit?"

MEANWHILE, IN THE VILLAGE...

"Ohh...ahh...Oh, yeah, Curly, give it to me, show me those big round bulbous-" Suddenly, Jack paused the video with a terrified look on his face as he heard the door to Arthur's house opening.

"JACK, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! GET THE FUCK OFF OF MY WINDOWS 98 COMPUTER! BAD BOY! BAD BOY!" King yelled at him, chasing him around the house with a rolled-up newspaper. "That's, like, literally the THIRD porn site you've been on in the past WEEK!"

"What, a soldier can't be horny sometimes? That's hardly fair, don't you think?" Jack explained.

"That's not the point!" King explained. "The point is that you need to have some kind of proper sense of fucking subtlety about it! For the love of God, man, seriously, there are kids around here! Kids don't wanna see that shit!"

"Well, they don't really wanna see your face, either." Jack replied.

FIVE SECONDS LATER...

After being literally kicked out of the house by King, Jack suddenly had an idea. A very clever, very sneaky, very terrible idea! "Yes...subtlety...King's feet...THAT'S IT!"

"Umm...Jack? Why are you rubbing your hands together and grinning mischievously?" Mahin asked him.

"Oh, uhh...I was just, uh...rubbing my hands together because they were starting to feel cold and I like to make them feel warm and rosy." Jack explained.

"Uh-huh." Mahin replied sarcastically, cocking an eyebrow.

"Heeheehee..." Jack cackled evilly. "Now no one will ever discover my brilliant evil scheme to-"

"What?" Mahin asked, turning around.

"UHH...to, like, go and water the flowers in Sandaime's garden and stuff!" Jack stammered, slightly blushing from nervousness.

"Sigh...Jack, what are you up to this time?" Mahin asked him.

"Uhh...NOTHING! GOOD-BYE!" Jack replied hastily, running off abruptly; Mahin was always his right-hand man when it came to making last-minute excuses for doing things.

## MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE EGG CORRIDOR...

"Alright, so I went into Egg 1 and got the keycard, and now I'm in Egg 6, inserting it into its matching terminal to unlock a fucking door...Jesus, it's like your typical 1990s FPS bullshit all over again!" Quote realized as he inserted the card into the terminal and stepped out of Egg 6.

"Alright, now that the lasers are gone, it's time to go and kick some serious Igor ass!" Quote rallied himself, pounding his fists together and then kissing them to relieve the boo-boos as he stepped through the opening into Igor's rather mundane lair which literally looked exactly the same as the rest of the area.

"ANY FAMOUS LAST WORDS, QUOTE?" Igor asked him.

"I fight for my friends!" Quote answered.

"HMPH. YOU VERY CHEESY. BUT CAN YOU DODGE THIS?" Igor asked him, throwing a big dead fly at him.

"A dead fly?" Quote asked him. "Is that really all you've got?"

"HEY, AT LEAST IT WAS BIG ONE!" Igor answered, charging toward him.

And that was basically Igor's entire battle strategy. He would charge toward Quote, attempting to punch him, and Quote would simply jump right over him and shoot the crap out of him.

"God, it's like I'm literally fighting a giant fucking version of the gravekeeper! Only this one vomits bubbles!" Quote thought to himself.

Mere seconds later, Igor's meaningless health bar was officially defeated, and he suddenly became dizzy from blood loss. "FINISH HIM!" Quote commanded himself.

First, Quote took out his concealed lighter from his pocket and lit Igor's dead fly on fire with it. Then, he took the enflamed fly and forcefully crammed the entire thing straight down Igor's throat. After psychotically laughing at Igor's suffering for a full minute and watching him fall over backward onto the ground in defeat, he leapt onto Igor's belly and rapidly punched him in the face 20 times in a row with all his left-right-left-right might, then brutally jammed both of his middle fingers into Igor's eyes. Last but not least, he opened up Igor's mouth yet again, pulled out a grenade, and rolled it right in, laughing maniacally as Igor's entire body exploded from the inside out.

"QUOTE WINS. FLAWLESS...VICTORY. FATALITY." he announced to himself, whipping on a pair of sunglasses he bought at the dollar store for 59 cents. "Now to see what's inside this building here..."

Upon stepping into the building, Quote noticed that it was a secret laboratory which housed a very heavily guarded and mysterious dragon egg that was rather humbly labeled as Egg 0.

Squinting his eyes and looking closely, Quote was able to spot yet another ridiculously adorable pair of twinkling, sparkly little bunny-rabbit eyes poking out from behind one of the various mechanical consoles that littered the room.

It was pretty much the same as last time...only this time, the actual Mimiga girl whom the eyes belonged to wasn't nearly as cute, huggable and/or lovable as last time; in fact, she wasn't even really all that likable at all. She strongly gave off the impression of being the type of person whom the folks back in the village dealt with just for the sake of dealing with. (Also, she was wearing a

blue shirt rather than a green one, which obviously makes a huge difference.)

Oh, but of course, it was Sue, the beautiful little angel that Quote had heard so much about! Surely he was in for a wonderfully charming, friendly and uplifting conversation...right?

Of course not. "Oh, like I'm so pleased to meet you, tin twerp! My last name's Sue, and since I am technically an adult in this form, you shall only refer to me by my last name from now on, you understand?" Sue greeted him.

"What's your first name, huh? Lemme guess...Mary?" Quote dickishly gestured to her.

"Why, yes it is, genius! Oh my gosh, you're such a fucking smarty-pants!" Sue bit back. Hard.

"So let me guess...you're here to rescue me, aren't you? Oh, poor little me!" Sue continued.

"But I was just trying to help-"

"I DON'T NEED ANY STUPID FUCKING HELP FROM ANYONE!" Sue snapped at him. "I can fucking take care of my god-damned self, fuck you very much."

"Jesus, who in the hell raised you to be like this?" Quote asked her. "In the name of all that is holy, even I ain't this big of a douche-nozzle!"

"Technically, I am secretly the daughter of Satan himself, you see." Sue explained to him, realizing how insanely rude she had been.

"You mean literally?" Quote asked curiously. "Figuratively." Sue answered.

"You see...I'm the Doctor's daughter." she explained.

"Who's the Doctor?" Quote asked.

"Well, you see, the Doctor is a man who was once my uncle, until he came to this godforsaken stupid island and put on that god-damned stupid fucking Demon Crown which turned his brain into stinking horsey doo-doo!" Sue explained.

"Which means?" Quote asked, sitting down cross-legged on the floor with her and resting his arm around her.

"It means that he turned into a giant fucking doo-doo head and started enslaving and murdering the innocent Mimiga citizens of this island!" Sue explained.

"But why? They're the cutest frigging things I've ever seen on this god-damned Earth! They're so fucking cute, it's as if puppies, kittens, bunnies and teddy bears could literally have babies!" Quote explained.

"You're thinking of that babyish little brat Toroko, aren't you?" Sue realized. "Well, apart from her, we're mostly just bunnies and puppy dogs mixed together." she corrected him.

"Well, that's still fucking adorable as shit, you know." Quote pointed out.

"Yes, indeed, as much as I hate to admit it, you're right, it really is adorable as all hell." Sue agreed. "But that doesn't stop the fucking heartless monster that this nigga has been turned into from brainwashing and slaughtering them like his fucking mindless war pigs! Or should I say, guinea pigs?" Sue explained.

"Uhh...what's a guinea pig?" Quote asked cluelessly.

"We're done talking about this." Sue confirmed, running out of the building through the entrance door that Quote came in through and shutting the door behind her.

"Well, that sure was boring..." Quote thought to himself. "You know what? I think I'm gonna just go into this little side room here and rest." And sleep on the municipal bed he did...with the cockroaches, that is. "Ah...free hotel rooms, you just gotta love em."

MEANWHILE, IN THE THRONE ROOM ON THE BALCONY ON TOP OF THE ISLAND...

"Misery, I've had it **RIGHT** up to **HERE** with you!" the Doctor ranted at Misery for her repeated failures. "I spend almost twenty-fours every single day of every single **FUCKING WEEK** trying to come up with new backup plans for world domination just in case my main plan, which I am also **TRYING** to fucking **BUILD** upon, mind you, **FAILS**, and **THIS** is the fucking **THANKS** I get? **REALLY?** Are you fucking **KIDDING** me?"

"But, sir, this looks like Sue, doesn't it?" Misery asked him desperately.

"**HMPH!** I know my daughter when I see her!" the Doctor sneered. "And this is **NOT** my daughter! Can I keep this little girl as a pet, though? She's so cute! I just wanna nuzzle her giant fluffy ears to death and squeeze her until she explodes like a balloon full of glittery sparkles and confetti! Aww!"

"Um, Doctor? You're letting Toroko's weapons-grade cuteness take over your mind. Remember, don't look into her eyes or else you'll be hypnotized into breaking your most important rule!" Misery warned him.

"Oh, yes, that rule. Thank you for reminding me." the Doctor thanked her. "Thou shalt never show any sort of genuine caring or compassion toward any living thing on Earth whatsoever, no matter how innocent and lovable that thing may be."

"Yes, Doctor, and also, you're lucky that the boss didn't hear you gushing over Toroko a few seconds ago or else you would be dead right now!" Misery explained.

"That's a scary thought." the Doctor winced, imagining his poor, corrupted, evil brain being shocked to death by the Demon Crown. "Anyway, off with you. Drop Toroko off back in the village for the time being, and don't fail me this time!"

"By destroying these pathetic morons that dare to stand in our way, we shall make the intelligent powerful beings the master race of Earthling society, liberating the gene pool from pointless inferiority and oppression! Together, we shall rise as one! Repeat after me! **Wir müssen die Kaninchen abschaffen!**" the Doctor concluded, slamming his fist on the arm-rest of his throne.

"Yes, sir!" Misery confirmed, giving him the traditional Nazi salute. "We must exterminate the rabbits! Especially the Jewish ones! Oh, man, is Jack in for some serious World War 2 shit!"

And with that, both of them laughed evilly in unison, with pure unadulterated satisfaction glowing bright as day on their faces.

"Hey, guys, I'll let you finish..." Balrog coughed, weakly shambling into the room with his currently broken-down wreck of a body, "but that fight I had with Quote was one of the best of all time! One of the best of all time, I tell you!"

"No one gives a fuck about you, toaster-boy. Begone with you!" Misery yelled, pulling out her magic wand.

"I'M NOT A FREAKING TOASTER! WHEN WILL YOU PEOPLE UNDERSTAND THAAAAAAAT?!" Balrog screamed as Misery teleported him into Grasstown.

MEANWHILE, IN THE VILLAGE...

"Umm...I would like to, uh, apologize for downloading so much naughty stuff on your computer." Jack improvised, holding a lollipop, which happened to be rigged with sleeping powder, in his hand. "Here's a lollipop, so can we please, uh, bury the hatchet and just be friends again?"

"How do I know I can trust you?" King asked, cocking an eyebrow as he sat on top of his lawnchair. "You look rather...fishy right now." Indeed, Jack was blushing brightly, he was standing with his legs crossed awkwardly, he appeared to be sweating quite a lot, he had one of his arms tucked behind his back, he was deliberately trying to look away from King, and the look in his eyes suggested that he was secretly terrified out of his mind.

"Oh, don't worry, I'm a nice and trustworthy guy! Look, I'll even whistle innocently for you!" Jack began whistling, ironically making himself look even more suspicious and out-of-place.

"Oh, what the hell, it's just a lollipop! What could possibly go wrong?" King concluded, snatching the lollipop out of Jack's hand and eating it.

"Wait for it...wait for it..." Jack restrained himself, waiting for the now-inevitable to happen while Toroko played with the butterflies and rolled around happily in the flower fields.

"YES! He's asleep!" Jack whispered. "Now lemme just whack him with a stick to see if he's really as deep asleep as I hoped..."

WHACK!

"Yup, he's out for the count." Jack confirmed. "Man, what an incredibly strong sleeper! Alright, I sure hope no one's watching what I'm about to do with these wonderful feet of his...they're all mine now." he whispered, wiggling his fingers and taking in the practically nonexistent stench.

TWO MINUTES LATER...

And there he was, creepily staring at King's dripping soles (which, by the way, had the word "King" literally tattooed onto both of them) with his tongue hanging out of his mouth, drooling like a thirsty dog, preparing himself for the royal coup-de-grace. "I've been saving this one for you, mon fr  re! COME to papa!"

**"STOP RIGHT THERE, PERVERT!"** King yelled, suddenly waking up. **"NO ONE GETS AWAY WITH MAKING SUCH VILE, GOD-AWFUL INNUENDOS ON MY WATCH! TAKE THIS!"**

With that being said, King leapt onto his saliva-drenched feet and kicked Jack in the ribs, sending him flying all the way through the wall of Arthur's house, leaving a nice big Jack-shaped hole in the wall. **"AND STAY OUT!"**

"Oh, and also...here's two bucks for your royal services." King informed Jack, setting the money down on the ground, right beside where Jack was now laying face-down. "That felt really nice."

"Th-thank y-you f-for y-your p-patronage..." Jack whimpered in pain through his ever-so-slightly broken ribs. "S-so...w-worth it..." he smiled. "O-oh my God, j-just thinking about it m-makes me so excited I could just...OoOOOOOoOoOOOH!" Jack suddenly squealed like JonTron.

Right at that moment, Quote arrived back at the teleporter in Arthur's house. "What the hell just

happened here? And what did Jack just see on the ground?" he asked, looking around in confusion.

"I'd rather not try to describe it." King replied, rolling his eyes a little.

"Anyway..." Quote shrugged, slightly throwing up in his mouth, "where's Little Miss Mary Sue?"

"She's locked up in a cage where she belongs." King replied. "Just like all the rest of the accursed human scum!"

"What did she do that was so wrong, anyway? I mean, apart from being kind of a bitch?" Quote asked.

"She got Toroko captured by the Doctor!" King answered. "There is no excuse for such a capital offense as this!"

"But...the only reason Toroko got captured was because Misery and Balrog got lazy and decided not to follow the Doctor's orders." Quote explained. "Of course Misery can tell a green shirt apart from a blue one! Not so sure about Balrog, though."

"That is all meaningless!" King retorted. "What matters here is that my sweet, lovable and innocent little sister's LIFE is on the line here! I swear to God, if Toroko isn't safe...I'm going to fucking tear Sue apart limb from limb and eat her bones!"

"Whoa, dude...jazz hands, jazz hands..." Quote and Jack warned him, backing away from him nervously.

"I think I'll just be going now." Quote informed the two of them. "Where should I go next?"

"Grasstown." Jack replied, fiddling with the computer and unlocking Grasstown on the teleporter menu.

"Well, goodbye..." Quote said as he teleported away to Grasstown.

"AND THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR BEING A DILDO!" King yelled at Sue.

Arriving in Grasstown, Quote immediately noticed that this place definitely lived up to its name. There was grass growing everywhere! "What the heck...there's even grass growing in my frigging armpits!" he realized. "I should really start applying more deodorant lubricant!"

Suddenly, Quote met some random Mimiga guy named Santa, who appeared to be lost even though he presumably lived here.

"Hello, traveler! My name's Santa!" he greeted Quote.

"Santa? You mean as in Santa Claus?" Quote asked.

"Yes." he replied, blushing. "You see, I seem to have lost the key to my house, and now I can no longer find my way in! Oh, the humiliation!"

Suddenly, Quote noticed that the house had a chimney with smoke billowing from it. "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

"No." Santa replied. "And I'm not sure if I want to be."

"Oh, come on, Santa, this shit is piss-easy!" Quote replied. "And I do mean that literally, by the way."

Pulling out the ladder from beside the house, Quote used it to climb up onto the roof of the house. Then, he unzipped his pants and sprayed like a hose into the chimney, effectively putting out the fireplace. Last but not least, he leapt down the chimney and busted the front door down with a sledgehammer.

"Well, I guess that's one way to solve the problem..." Santa sighed, looking very bummed out.

"Oh, don't feel so bad, pal, look on the bright side!" Quote encouraged him, giving him a nice little pat on the back. "All those Slurpees I held in for the past two months really paid off, didn't they? Ha ha ha!"

"Dude, look what you've done to my fucking HOUSE!" Santa yelled at him. "The door's broken, there's piss all over the floor, the fireplace is ruined, and you...well, actually, you didn't do anything to my secret deadly spike trap, but...THAT'S BESIDE THE POINT! Look, ALL YOU HAD TO DO in order to unlock my front door was simply GO AND GET THE FUCKING KEY! Seriously, is THAT too much to ask?! God-DAMN it, man!" he ranted, his face turning red.

"You know what?" he continued. "Since you've been a real naughty motherfucker, I've got a special little gift for you...hold on a second...HERE! HERE IT IS! IT'S A LUMP OF FUCKING COAL! FROM MY GOD-DAMNED RUINED FIREPLACE! MIGHT AS WELL BE A FUCKING LUMP OF SHIT! THERE! YOU HAPPY? ARE YOU FUCKING HAPPY NOW?!" he raged, foaming at the mouth.

"Uh, whoa, holy shit, dude, calm down!" Quote warned him. "Here, take this chill pill before you explode!" Quote suggested, handing him a relaxation pill.

"Thank you...ASSHOLE." Santa replied, swallowing the pill. "Since you've been...a real pleasure to be around, you can have this flamethrower, and if anyone asks you, you didn't get it from me! Now just go right ahead and burn yourself already!" he explained, giving Quote his trusty flamethrower.

"Umm...wait, Mr. Santa, don't you need this to light your fireplace?" Quote asked.

"I just used it to light my fireplace." Santa replied. "Now GO! SHOO! OFF WITH YOU!"

"Fucking kids these days...wouldn't know how to fucking treat authority if it unzipped its blue jeans and fucking pissed all over their stupid-ass monkey faces, I swear to God, one of these days, I'm gonna fucking...shit...ass...fuck...dammit, I'm running out of shit to say..." Santa mumbled to himself as he slowly walked back into his house.

"Well, you know what, I feel bored, so I think I'm just gonna set this whole grassy dump on fire!" Quote thought to himself. "Yeah...YEAH!"

And so Quote pranced like a magical fairy through the flowery grasslands, burning all of the innocent little blob creatures alive and turning everything into a hot, smoking wasteland as far as the eye could see...all because he was a little bored.

"Ahh...all in a day's work." he thought to himself, blowing the leftover smoke from his flamethrower right into an adorable little baby blob monster's face, causing said baby blob monster to choke to death. Just to be even more of a dick, he then ate the baby and downed it with a whole bottle of beer, then breathed fire onto the baby's parents. "Ah, nothing like good old beer and child abuse! HO HO HO!" he laughed.

"Hmm...perhaps I'm the real monster here. Nah, who cares, as long as I'm having fun, it's perfectly

alright! Let that be a valuable life lesson to you, kiddos playing this game!" Quote addressed the audience with an eerily fake smile on his face.

Reaching the next mysterious house, Quote saw that there were bats hanging from the roof of the patio. "Seriously? Fucking bats? AGAIN?!" Quote groaned. "You know what? I'm just going to ignore them. Can't be any worse than promoting the act of full-scale genocide right in front of millions of already brain-dead-stupid American kids."

And ignore them he did, stepping right in through the door just as the bats were about to swoop in and attempt to devour him alive. "Dammit, that sick bastard deserved to die..." the bats muttered.

Inside the house, Quote met a purple-furred Playboy bunny- er, I mean, Mimiga woman- who clearly looked as if she was waiting for a new stud to get in bed with. "Hey, boy-toy, what's up? My name's Chaco." she greeted him.

"Pleased to meet you, hot stuff." Quote responded. "So, uhh...how many different people have you slept with recently?"

"Oh, I've got a whole list of them on a clipboard in my bookshelf over here. Alright, so, let's start with the important ones." Chaco said as she began reading names off the list.

"Let's see...Alright, bad boy, so...I've slept with Santa, Jack, Curly, King, Sandaime, Kanpachi, Zett, Megane, Itoh, Kazuma, Booster, Hermit Gunsmith, Ma Pignon, Misery, Balrog, Sue, Cthulhu..."

"WHOA WHOA WHOA, too much information, could you please not list so many names at once? You're making my head feel like a washing machine that just got tossed into Jupiter!" Quote begged her.

"...and now you." Chaco concluded. "But that's not really what you're here for...or is it?" she teased him.

"Well...okay, yes, I'll admit, it kind of is, but-"

"LET'S TRADE MATH EQUATIONS, BABY." Chaco begged him, forcing him into a laying-face-up position on her bed and looming over him as the fireplace sizzled in the background.

"Kiss me." she commanded him, bombarding him with a rapid barrage of messy, wet smooches to the face. "Um, okay, you can stop now..." Quote suggested. "Oh, God damn it, now look what you did, you smeared your lipstick all over my face!"

"Like a pro, pretty boy, like a pro." Chaco smirked, turning the lights out, wiggling her toes, rubbing her hands together, and licking her lips. "And now it's time for me to show you how a real woman gets her jobs done!"

And so they..."slept" with each other. Ah, what a typical night in a typical Japanese fanfiction writer's wet dream...

#### MEANWHILE, IN THE VILLAGE...

"Lieutenant Jack, we have a new patient in the house!" King informed Jack, wheeling Sue in on a flat operation bed.

"Who is it?" Jack asked him.

"What?" King asked jokingly.

"WHO IS IT?" Jack repeated himself.

"What?" King chuckled. "I can't HEAR you!"

"WHO IS IT?!" Jack screamed.

"It's Sue." King finally answered.

"What happened to her?" Jack asked curiously.

"One day, being a complete and utter fool as always, she decided to sneak into Grasstown through this teleporter here without permission or any kind of supervision whatsoever...and then she went and slept with Chaco." King explained.

"OH...the horror!" Jack cried. "Isn't Sue underage as well?"

"Technically, in her Mimiga form, no. Not for another Mimiga." King replied. "However, I do find Chaco's lack of restraint and self-respect...disturbing, to say the least. How would you describe your experience with her?"

"It was even more uncomfortable than all of my past experiences combined, and I've been to some REAL sleazy places." Jack explained. "France, Las Vegas, New York, Justin Bieber's underwear drawer..."

"With that being said, we can assume that Sue, being merely a child-"

"I'M TECHNICALLY AN ADULT NOW, YOU KNOW!"

"AHEM! As I was SAYING...we can assume that Sue, being considerably younger than Jack here, probably had a very traumatizing experience there as well." King concluded, giving Sue the evil eye.

"So...what's the real problem here?" Jack asked him. "What's the REAL deal, huh?"

"Well, for starters, Sue accidentally got herself pregnant; you see, knowing Chaco's habits, I really don't wanna know what that baby's going to look like." King explained. "Plus, she's also developed a severe case of...teeth growing inside her vagina, as a truly horrific side-effect of her perfectly natural puberty hormones." King explained.

"Let me guess...they're all totally fucking razor-sharp, aren't they?" Jack groaned and sighed.

"Well, unfortunately, yes, I'm afraid. But fortunately, they're also very tiny, like millions of tiny little red-hot needles poking at your skin!" King explained.

"Um...King?" Jack gulped.

"Yes, Jack?" King asked.

"You do know we don't really have any surgical tools on hand right now, let alone the proper ones for this type of operation...right?" Jack asked nervously. "And you also know that I don't actually have a medical license...RIGHT?"

"Ah, yes, that's where you come into play, my dear friend." King smirked. "Time for my sweet, sweet revenge..." he thought to himself.

"Umm...what do you mean by that?" Jack whimpered, his knees quivering like sticks of Jell-O.

"By that, I mean that...well, in laymen's terms...psst psst psst." King whispered into Jack's ear.

"HUEGH!" Jack suddenly vomited in his mouth. "Um, excuse me, could you please repeat that in a slightly louder voice, just so I can make sure that I heard it right?"

"IT LOOKS LIKE YOU WILL HAVE TO LEND A HAND OR TWO IN THIS OPERATION, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN." King repeated himself, whispering loudly.

"HUAGH!" Jack heaved, vomiting a huge nasty puddle onto the floor. "Hold on, I'm not done yet, gimme a few seconds outside...HUAAAGH! HUEEEGH! HUAAAGGGHHH!"

"Are you done yet?" King asked him from inside the house.

"Almost there, just gotta get this one last thing out of my system- BLEEEGGGHHH!" Jack finished beautifully.

Walking back into the house, wiping the leftover puke off of his mouth, Jack spit on his hands and wiped them on the sides of his crotch. "Alright, I guess I'm ready for some...CLAWS encounters of the FURRED kind..." he joked, causing both Sue and King to face-palm.

"Just get on with it, will you?" King urged him.

"Well...alrighty then." Jack decided. "Guess I've got no other choice but to do the kinds of jobs that make civilized life possible for the rest of us, for the rest of my life...any-who, I'm going in. See you in hell..."

With those famous "last" words being said, Jack put on (or should I say, pretended to put on a set of safe, sanitary rubber gloves as his clawed fingers carefully, reluctantly, slowly but surely delved into the wondrously alien and weirdly fascinating depths of Sue's cavernous, pulsating, beautifully ovarian-

(SCENE MISSING)

"KILL IT! KILL IT WITH FIRE!" Jack screamed, holding the squirming, gelatinous, pulsating, slimy, pus-filled, snot-oozing, festering, putrid, bloated, sweaty, hairy, worm-infested, siamese-twinned, tentacle-limbed monstrosity in his outstretched, tainted and blood-soaked hands.

"ALL I HAVE IS A SWORD!" King screamed.

"WELL, THEN, JUST CHOP IT INTO PIECES AND THEN BURN IT!" Jack screamed. "JUST PLEASE, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, KILL IT! EVERY SECOND IT LIVES IS JUST MAKING IT WORSE! KILL IT! KILL IT NOW!"

"By the power of Arthur!" King chanted, holding his legendary Blade skyward as lightning cracked the sky. "I HAVE THE POWER!"

"EAT SWORD, VILE ELDritch-ABOMINATION SCUM!" King screamed as he leapt forward, slicing, dicing and chopping Sue's horrifically failed experiment into pieces. Jack then scooped up all the gory little bits, tossed them into a bag, threw the bag outside, and finally set the bag on fire with his secret cigarette lighter.

"We're sorry you had to see that, Sue." Jack comforted Sue. "It's okay, I know it wasn't your fault." she sighed.

"Jack, I'm sorry we didn't have enough tools for you to perform the operation properly..." King apologized miserably.

"Not enough tools? Fuck that shit! You know what? You- you people don't even fucking PAY me enough for this shit!" Jack cried.

"True, true." King agreed reluctantly.

"You know what? Fuck this shit, I'm out." Jack concluded. "Ha, just kidding! Man, it sure has been one of those days..." he rambled dizzily before collapsing onto the floor and fainting from mental overexhaustion.

## Part 3

MEANWHILE, BACK IN GRASSTOWN...

"Oh, man, you're really gonna have to clean up these bedsheets." Quote realized. "Want me to help?"

"No, thank you. I can handle it on my own, hot stuff." Chaco replied as she started licking and sucking the stains off of the bedsheets. "Oh man, that cream tastes so good..."

"Um, o-kay, then." Quote replied, hiding Chaco's red lipstick in his pocket. "I think I'll be going now."

"Hold on!" Chaco warned him. "In order to exit through the fireplace, you'll need to get some jellyfish juice."

"Oh, you mean THIS stuff?" Quote asked, grabbing Chaco's treasured Bucket Of Cum and pouring it all over the fireplace.

"Well, that's not exactly what I meant, but...yeah, I suppose that works, too." Chaco sighed as Quote crawled out through the fireplace. "Dammit, he didn't even leave me any money for crying out loud..."

"Alright, now to get to burning the rest of this stupid place down!" Quote concluded. "HA HA HA! BURN! BURN TO THE GROUND!"

Eventually, Quote reached a rest stop which contained a save point. After using the save point, Quote noticed that there was a bizarre hole in the wall to the bottom-left of the save point. He tried to enter, but the door was locked and he didn't have the key. "Damn you, filler puzzles..."

Running over to the right of the rest stop and wondering why there were so many three-foot-tall evil frogs and mushroom ghosts here, Quote found another suspicious-looking building that looked like a shed. "Hmm, what's this? Looks like there's a crack in the wall here."

"Hello? Is somebody in here?" Quote asked.

"Who's there?" a mysterious voice from behind the wall asked. "It's me, Quote!" Quote replied.

"Oh, hi there, Quote! I've heard so many great things about you! My name's Kazuma." Kazuma greeted him. "Alright, so, uhh...you see, the problem here is that I've been locked inside this shed, and I've somehow managed to break every single bobby pin I have because I'm too much of a pussy to actually figure out how to pick a lock." he explained.

"Well, okay then...is there any other way to unlock this door that you can think of?" Quote asked. "Any keys or anything? Am I gonna have to grab the sledgehammer from Santa's house again?"

"Um, I wouldn't be trying to jump over huge deadly spike pits while carrying a sledgehammer if I were you." Kazuma warned him. "Anyway, yes, I do have a key here, but it's a little rusty...here, see if it works!" he suggested, handing over his Rusty Key to Quote.

"Hmm...it doesn't seem like this key works on this lock." Quote informed him. "What should we do now!"

"Well, in that case...if I'm going to die, I might as well die in STYLE, BABY! WOO! SWEET RAVE PARTY!" Kazuma suddenly realized as he turned on a nearby radio and started dancing to the world-famous album debut "Never Gonna Give You Up" by Rick Astley.

"Oh my fucking god..." Quote groaned, face-palming. "Look, you don't really seem like the type of person who's even worth the trouble of saving, but because I don't really have anything better to do, I'm going to help you find a way out of here anyway. Just be patient, please." Quote explained.

"WOO! BREAK IT DOWN!" Kazuma started saying like a stereotypical rapper.

"Wait a minute...break it down...OF COURSE!" Quote remembered. "He's right, though. I'm gonna need to find another way to do so..."

He tried to think of what other door in town this Rusty Key could be the unlocking device of, when he suddenly ended up having a stroke of genius and getting it right on his very first guess.

"OF COURSE! The rustiest key in town has to belong to the rustiest door in town! YES! It all makes sense now!" Quote realized eagerly.

After saving one more time, Quote went back to that strange little hole in the wall and used the Rusty Key. Well, to make a long story short, it broke inside the lock, but at least that meant that the door would be permanently unlocked from that point forward in time.

Entering the room, Quote noticed that it was a generator room and that there were stock-model robots lining the glass display cases in the walls. "Jeez, I really didn't expect to find anything remotely high-tech in this place..."

"INTRUDER ALERT! INTRUDER ALERT!" one of the stock robots suddenly screamed as it came crashing down from the ceiling. "JESUS CHRIST, CAN'T A ROBOT GET ANY PRIVACY AROUND HERE?"

"What, I was just trying to-

"EXCUSES ARE HIGHLY ILL-FOUNDED AND ILLOGICAL. STOP MAKING THEM. I AM MALCO, AND I APPROVE THIS MESSAGE." the robot informed him.

"God, why does everyone hate me lately?" Quote wondered.

"HUZZAH!" a familiar voice suddenly yelled as Balrog came crashing in right THROUGH the ceiling and accidentally crushed Malco's entire body into the floor. "Sorry about that, chump, but it looks like you'll never be having a level head again! HA! Oh, I'm so funny I even crack myself up sometimes!" he laughed.

"THAT WAS SO FUNNY I FORGOT TO LAUGH." Malco retorted sarcastically.

"Anyway, I'm here to break you for REAL this time, tin twerp!" Balrog informed him somewhat angrily. "Prepare your anus for some serious punishment, like what the Doctor did to Misery when she brought him Toroko instead of Sue!"

And with that, Balrog began...hopping about like a bunny rabbit, shooting bubbles and flapping his butterfly wings. "Are you fucking kidding me?" Quote sighed.

THIRTY SECONDS LATER...

"GRR! TASTE the WRATH of my- DURK!" Balrog grunted in pain as he was defeated once

again, this time by Quote's broken-down old pistol. "WHY, YOU LITTLE- GAH! YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF ME, CHEAP-ASS!" he yelled, leaping back up through the ceiling and disappearing off to who-knows-where again.

"Hmm...I wonder if any useful parts can be salvaged off of this guy..." Quote wondered.

"IF YOU EVEN TRY IT, I WILL SELF-DESTRUCT. I'M WARNING YOU." Malco warned him.

"Well, okay then, let's try something completely different!" Quote decided, grabbing Malco by the top of his head and pulling his body up out of the floor.

"HELLO, FRIEND. I AM MALCO. PLEASED TO MEET YOU." Malco greeted him, shaking hands with him briefly. "WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM AND HOW SHOULD I SOLVE IT?"

"Well, there's this dumb-ass guy named Kazuma who somehow ended up getting himself locked up inside a shed with no food or water, and now I've got to save him." Quote explained.

"PROBLEM REGISTERED: MAN TRAPPED INSIDE SHED." Malco processed. "NOW REGISTER YOUR INTENDED SOLUTION TO MALCO, PLEASE."

"I think we're gonna have to blow it up." Quote suggested.

"WELL THEN, YOU'RE IN LUCK, STRANGER. I USED TO HAVE A WHOLE SELECTION OF GOOD THINGS ON SALE, STRANGER...BUT THEN THE DOCTOR STOLE EVERYTHING FROM ME, AND NOW THAT MY HEAD IS CRUSHED IN, THE ONLY THING I CAN REMEMBER HOW TO MAKE IS BOMBS." Malco explained.

"Okay, so...what components do you need in order to make one?" Quote asked.

"CHARCOAL, GUM-BASE AND JELLYFISH JUICE." Malco answered. "BY THE WAY, YOU REALLY AREN'T A VERY GOOD PERSON."

"I can live with that." Quote replied, turning on the fan power generator and exiting the room.

"La la la, la...burn this, burn that..." Quote sang to himself as he searched all over the place for gum base. At one point, he even tried going into someone's old abandoned house, using one of the floor fans on the ground to propel himself up onto the platform where it was located.

Inside the house, Quote noticed that there were red flower petals littering the floor next to the bed, just like in the building where he found the missile launcher back when he was exploring the Egg Corridor.

"Of course...it all makes sense now!" Quote realized. "The Doctor must be using these notoriously evil-looking roses to turn the Mimigas into hulking brain-dead monsters like what I saw earlier with Igor! Yes! I figured it out, yay! I AM SMART! I AM SMART!"

He opened the chest in the far right of the room and took the missiles from it, when, suddenly, a zombie-like, brainwashed, surprisingly scrawny Mimiga beast jumped out of the fireplace.

"Damn, I hate it when I'm right..." Quote thought to himself as the monster pounced at him.

"Anyway, the only way to kill things like this is WITH FIRE!" he yelled, torching the beast to death with his flamethrower. "You know, I actually do kinda feel sorry for him, now that I think about it..." he sobbed.

"Dammit, where in the hell am I going to find jellyfish juice here?" Quote wondered, scratching his head. "Maybe there's a bunch of jellyfish to the left of Chaco's house or something..."

"Holy shit, there's a whole fucking swarm of them!" Quote screamed with surprise. "And they all look...brown and withered..."

After killing all of the small ones, Quote climbed up a set of platforms hanging from the ceiling near Santa's house and found their mother clinging to the ceiling.

"Mother of God, it's huge." Quote whispered, seeing that the Big Jelly was about five times his size. "Well, time to add another kill to my kill-to-death ratio!"

As he began shooting it, the Big Jelly suddenly detached itself from the ceiling like a wasp nest and started chasing after him. "Oh, God, please, no, not the tentacle rape, NOT THE!"

At that exact moment, the Big Jelly bursted into pieces, revealing a treasure chest that was inside of its body. Inside the chest was a jar of jellyfish juice. "Well, it's just Japanese game logic, I suppose you really shouldn't question it..."

"Well, I've got the lump of coal and the jellyfish jizz...only one thing left to go!" Quote thought to himself, heading over to the shed.

"Alright, so...we're going to have to literally break this door down." Quote informed Kazuma.

"Ha ha, good one!" Kazuma laughed.

"KAZUMA, FOR GOD'S SAKE, I'M BEING SERIOUS HERE!" Quote yelled at him. "Anyway, we're gonna have to use a bomb in order to finish the job, and I was wondering if you had anything that could help me find the last component."

"No, I don't think so...OH WAIT, YES I DO!" Kazuma realized. "Here, take this key! I found it in my ass. I'm sure it must be related somehow."

"Ew...butt germs..." Quote groaned, taking the key and setting off to the right until he reached the edge of Grasstown, where there was a very large and very long spike pit. "All right...testing my jumping skills to the MAX! Yee-haw!"

After getting a huge running start, Quote took a leap that would make Mario proud...and just barely made it over the deadly gap. "PHEW!" he sighed, taking a brief moment to save.

Suddenly, Quote saw yet another hooded man; it was obviously Cthulhu. "For the love of God, how in the fuck are you everywhere at once?" Quote asked him.

"The Merchant in Resident Evil 4 is everywhere at once, and you never hear anyone complaining about him." Cthulhu replied.

"Good point." Quote complimented him. "Now go away." Cthulhu commanded him.

MEANWHILE, IN MIMIGA VILLAGE...

"Alright, so I'm JUST about to beat this game, everyone." Jack explained, recording his Resident Evil 4 play-through on YouTube Cam.

"I'm just getting ready to face Saddler here, when suddenly- OH, FUCK, WRONG BUTTON, I ACCIDENTALLY SHOT THE FUCKING MERCHANT! Damn, does that mean he's dead

forever?" Jack wondered.

"WHAT FREAKISH HORRORS AWAIT ME IN THE NEXT EPISODE? WHAT INCREDIBLY LAME THING THAT CAPCOM APPARENTLY THINKS IS SCARY WILL THE GAME THROW AT ME NEXT? STAY TUNED TO FIND OUT!" Jack announced dramatically to his fellow You-tubers.

MEANWHILE, BACK IN GRASSTOWN...

"Alright, just gotta concentrate...I can do this, I can do this..." Quote whispered to himself.

TWO HOURS LATER...

"Come on, come on..." he continued.

THREE HOURS AGO...

"Don't chicken out, Quote..." Cthulhu warned him.

ONE HOUR LATER...

"Would you PLEASE hurry up? I'm all out of time cards." Cthulhu groaned.

"I think I just found the secret to flying!" Quote realized. "All you have to do is simply BELIEVE!"

"I believe I can fly...I believe I am gonna die..." Quote sang as he leapt into the air, using the wall fans to propel himself from platform to platform until he reached the top of the structure. Using the Gum Key, he opened the door and walked inside.

To his surprise, the place was incredibly small; nothing but a single giant square room with floor fans on the left and right sides of it. "Hmm, it seems quiet in here...TOO quiet." Quote thought to himself as he opened and discarded the chest in the center of the room, taking the Gum Base inside.

"Hmm, it seems that you appear to know a rather pitifully limited amount of everyday vocabulary apart from typical, done-to-death movie clichés!" Misery snickered, suddenly teleporting into the room with Balrog in tow.

"Yeah, you clunk-head, you oughta know that whenever you use that stupid overused catchphrase, it usually means that there's definitely evil afoot!" Balrog explained.

"Balrog, if you don't shut up within the next ten seconds, I'm afraid I'm going to have to crush you like an ant underneath a foot...MY foot!" Misery warned him.

"Umm...what's so special about YOUR foot, anyway?" Balrog asked her. "I bet it stinks really bad, just like your personality."

"You DARE talk back to me, you unwashed vermin? HERE! Now you shall pay the price!" Misery yelled at Balrog, turning him into a giant frog. "HA HA HA! Looks like this just turned into an...AMPHIBIOUS assault! Hehe...get it? Anyone?"

Quote and Balrog were both giving Misery the evil eye, and the sound of crickets chirping could clearly be heard in the background.

"You know what? FINE! Balrog, if you're not going to least appreciate my attempts at making you laugh with me, you can at least eat that miserable little goody two-shoes robot and get this shit over

with! Go ahead! Do it! Come on, don't be shy! Okay, you know what? Fuck it, I'm leaving. Speak for yourself." Misery ranted.

"I'M GOING TO EAT METAL AND CRAP THUNDER!" Balrog roared.

"Just try and catch me with that wimpy little tongue of yours." Quote teased him. "I'd LOVE to see it."

"OH, SHIT!" Quote screamed as Balfrog leapt towards him, sending shockwaves across the floor. As Balfrog approached him, Quote suddenly had an idea. Putting that idea to good use, he used the floor fans to jump over Balfrog, landing on the other side of the room and shooting all of the little baby frogs dead while doing so.

"YOU KNOW WHAT? THAT'S THE LAST STRAW! I'M GONNA SWALLOW YOU WHOLE!" Balfrog roared, swallowing Quote.

Inside Balfrog's stomach, Quote pulled a moldy peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich with salt-and-vinegar-flavored potato chips out of his storage bank and threw it into the acid, causing Balfrog to puke him out. "See? I didn't even have to touch your uvula to make you throw up!"

"THAT'S IT! I'VE HAD IT! NO MORE MR. NICE GUY! I'M JUST GOING TO EAT YOU AGAIN!" Balfrog roared...but as he flicked his tongue out, Quote suddenly grabbed it.

"Look, I don't want to have to hurt you this badly, but you leave me with no other choice, so now it's time for some serious tongue-twisters." Quote warned him.

"Alright, let's begin." Quote began.

"Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.

A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked.

If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,

Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?"

"Uhh...Peeder Pipuh picked a picka pickood peppuwtb-"

"HA! Just kidding!" Quote laughed. "That wasn't the type of tongue twister I was talking about! THIS is the type of TONGUE-TWISTER that I was talking about! ROCKET ARMS, GO!"

And with that being said, Quote detached his rocket arms, gripped one of them onto the beginning of Balfrog's tongue and gripped the other one onto the end of Balfrog's tongue.

"Time to put an interesting new SPIN on things!" Quote laughed, rotating both arms around in an extremely fast motorized cycle, with one rotating clockwise and the other one rotating counterclockwise, literally twisting Balfrog's tongue until it snapped off.

"OH MY GOD, IT HURTS! IT HURTS!" Balfrog screamed in pain as his mouth sprayed blood everywhere. Turning back into Balrog, he ran away screaming, busting right through the wall just before being teleported back to the balcony.

"Well, I guess I was his biggest fan..." Quote joked to the audience. "Oh, come on, seriously? AGAIN with the freaking cricket sounds?"

MEANWHILE IN MIMIGA VILLAGE...

"Alright, YES, I FINALLY beat the game!" Jack squealed with excitement. "Now I finally get to see the ending in all of its low-definition glory!"

"Hey, Leon, would you mind doing some...overtime with me?" Ashley asked Leon shortly after the two of them escaped the collapsing island on a motorboat.

"No thanks, I'm secretly gay." Leon responded, focusing his attention on driving the motorboat.

"Oh, come on, I just wanted to see some hot Ashley-on-Leon action!" Jack moaned.

"Said no one ever." Mahin teased him.

"Oh, shut up, you barely even know what girls are!" Jack snapped. "At least I'm not proud of having seen the sparkly inside of Justin Bieber's underwear drawer..."

"You wish..." Mahin snickered.

"Well, that wraps up the show for today, folks!" Jack informed the audience. "Tune in next time for more episodes starring me and my beloved sidekick FATMAN!"

"I'm FATMANNN." Mahin growled in response.

"Oh, and always remember to like and subscribe!" Jack reminded them. "See you next time on...the Fatman & Jack show!"

MEANWHILE, BACK IN GRASSTOWN...

Quote returned to Malco's room, with all three bomb components in tow.

"THANK YOU. YOU ARE A USEFUL TOOL." Malco complimented him. "NOW HAND THOSE THREE COMPONENTS TOGETHER AND WATCH AS I WORK MY MAGIC."

Malco stuffed all three so-called "components" into his chest compartment, waited about one minute, then pulled what appeared to be a perfectly normal mass-produced bomb out of that exact same compartment.

"WHAT?! You bastard! That was nothing but a cheap-ass magic trick!" Quote yelled at him angrily. "You- you were just using me for shits and giggles by making me do a pointless fetch quest for the sake of extending the length of the game!"

"GET USED TO IT, PAL." Malco replied smugly.

"Hmph...you know what?" Quote retorted.

"Have you ever truly considered that perhaps, maybe, us scout robots just might also have emotions too? Expanding upon that analogy, what if toys have emotions? What if fish have emotions? What if vehicles have emotions? For fuck's sake, what if our fucking emotions themselves literally have additional emotions within themselves?" Quote philosophized.

"WHAT THE FUCK? EMOTIONS WITHIN EMOTIONS? WARNING: INCEPTION ALERT! DOES NOT COMPUTE! DOES NOT COMPUTE! ERROR! ERROR! ERROR! SELF-DESTRUCT! KABOOM IN 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0!" And with that being said, Malco's head exploded into smithereens.

"Now that's what I call...MIND-BLOWING!" Quote said, putting on a pair of sunglasses.  
"YEAAAH!"

With bomb in hand, Quote then immediately ran back to the shed and placed the bomb right at the front door, setting it off. The bomb then exploded, blasting the door open. "Whoa, holy shit, what was that noise?" Kazuma wondered. "It almost gave me a heart attack, whatever it was!"

"OH MY GOD, PLEASE DON'T HURT ME!" Kazuma whimpered, cowering into the corner as Quote barged into the room. "WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME? I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING! ANYTHING!"

"Dude, calm down." Quote instructed him. "I'm just here to save you."

"BUT...YOU PRACTICALLY BURNED DOWN THIS ENTIRE AREA FOR NO REASON!" Kazuma squealed. "YOU MONSTER!"

"Dude, I'm just an anti-hero. I do things my own way." Quote explained, smoking a cigar. "At any rate, the villains have much worse intentions than me."

"WAAH! ANTI-HEROES ARE TOO SCARY! I WANT MY MOMMY! WAAH!" Kazuma whined, curling up into a simply pathetic squirming ball on the floor and sucking his thumb.

"Look, if you want a fucking goody two-shoes, go read the fucking Superman comics! Real fucking men have the proper fucking balls to fucking grow up and read the fucking Batman comics, capiche?" Quote explained. "Just- just fucking man up already! Get the fuck off of the fucking floor and talk to me! Why are you here? I sincerely doubt that you just accidentally locked yourself in here, for fuck's sake."

"I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO, WAAH!" Kazuma whined. "ANSWER ME!" Quote yelled at him.

"Okay, okay, no need to raise your voice like that, you almost made me wet my panties! EWW, GROSS!" Kazuma began. "You see, to make a long and boring story short and tolerable, the Doctor thought that I was extremely annoying, so he threw me into this shed and left me here, hoping to never have to deal with me again."

"I can see why..." Quote muttered under his breath. "Wow, I really can't believe Sue is actually proud to have beaten this absolutely ridiculous pussy-willow in a fight." he thought to himself. "That's like being proud that you beat Glass Joe in a fight..."

Just when Quote was literally right about to say "fuck it" and leave, a noise suddenly emanated from the shed's teleporter! Turning around, Quote saw that a strange, white-haired, bespectacled old man who was about his size had just stumbled out of the teleporter.

"Greetings, young sirs, I am Booster." the man explained.

"I HATE MEETING NEW PEOPLE, IT'S SO SCARY! I WANT MY TEDDY BEAR! WAAH!" Kazuma whined.

"Listen up, boy..." Booster commanded him, grabbing him by the collar of his shirt. "Back in my day, we didn't have technology like we have now!" Booster explained. "But we weren't a bunch of frigging laughable pansies like you either! Man up!"

"JESUS CHRIST, WHY DOES EVERYONE KEEP TELLING ME TO MAN UP? I WANNA RUN AWAY AND NEVER COME BACK! WAAH! YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME AGAIN UNLESS YOU COME WITH ME!" Kazuma whined at the top of his lungs.

"Hey, Booster?" Quote asked.

"What is it, young lad?" Booster asked.

"Beat his ass." Quote commanded him.

"Yes, sir." Booster agreed, rolling up his shirt sleeves.

THIRTY SECONDS LATER...

"OW! I'M COVERED IN NASTY BOO-BOOS! WAAH! WHERE'S MY MOMMY? WHERE IS MY FUCKING MOMMY? I WAAANT MYYY MOMMMYYYY!" Kazuma whined so loudly that the screens of every single computer in the room broke violently.

"Jesus fucking CHRIST, can we please just shoot this fucking cock-sucking motherfucker in the face and get it over with?" Quote asked desperately, his ears leaking as he put a piece of duct tape over Kazuma's mouth.

"Well, let's not make Sue sad..." Booster suggested. "No matter how fucking obnoxious he is, he IS Sue's BROTHER, you know..."

"Fuck THAT, Columbo! SHOOT TO MATE!" Quote suggested back. "But, if you insist, I suppose I'll let him live...who knows? He might even end up saving someone's life!" Quote realized.

"Enough talking already!" Booster snapped. "Just tie him up in the bag and send us off already! I've got the hover-bike all set up outside!"

"Alrighty then!" Quote obeyed, tying up the last knot and sealing the already-tied-up Kazuma inside the big brown sack. "See you later, alligators!"

"If I had a dollar for every time I heard that expression back in my day..." Booster muttered to himself, carrying the violently shaking and loudly whining bag out the front door.

"Alrighty then, let me see here...it's been such a long time that I've actually forgotten how to drive these infernal things, but here goes!" Booster decided, turning the hover-bike on and accelerating rapidly. But to his horror...

"IT WOOON'T STOOOP!" Booster screamed as the hover-bike flew out of control, careening all the way from there to Santa's house and crashing sloppily.

"THAT'S WHY OLD PEOPLE SHOULDN'T DRIVE VEHICLES!" Quote called to him.

"AT LEAST I KNOW MORE ABOUT HOW TO DRIVE THAN KAZUMA!" he called back to Quote.

As Quote, Booster and Kazuma arrived back at Arthur's house, King presented them with a shocking revelation.

"The Doctor has found a huge new patch of red flowers in the Sand Zone." King explained. "Unfortunately, with only a King and a Jack, and no Queen or Ace, our hand appears to be the losing one here."

"Ah, card puns..." Jack groaned. "Man, if I had a frigging NICKEL for every time he's said something like that..." Jack thought to himself, rolling his eyes.

"Anyway, it seems like we've lost all hope here." Jack explained. "Toroko's officially been captured, Curly's nowhere to be found, everyone's probably going to die any minute now, AND I

EVEN LOST MY BELOVED SNORKEL! OH, LORD, SAVE ME!" Jack cried, yanking his glasses off with both hands and screaming to the heavens. "SAVE ME FROM THIS FUCKING MISERY!"

"You rang?" Misery asked, teleporting into the room.

"GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!" everyone yelled at her.

"Oh, well, okay, then, whatever, I suppose. Be that way. See if I care. Ta-ta!" Misery replied, teleporting away.

"Man...we really are hopeless now, aren't we?" King realized.

"FUCK, NO!" Booster yelled at him. "Look, we've still got Quote here!"

"Booster, Quote is an outright psychotic killing machine with almost no sense of empathy. He's only helping us because he has nothing better to do." King explained.

"Exactly! And that's exactly why he just might be the bloodthirsty, savage, cold-blooded, murdering jackass we need in order to kill that fucking Doctor!" Booster explained. "He's just what we need to finally, officially put that heartless, bespectacled bastard out of his misery!"

"You rang-"

"SHUT THE FUCK UP!" Booster snapped at Misery.

"So, you see now? It's simple: we kill the Doctor." Booster concluded.

"Booster, you're almost as much of a freaking genius as I am." Jack complimented Booster.

"Why, thank you." Booster thanked him.

"Alright, you know what? This conversation's getting boring. I think I'm just going to leave now, goodbye!" Quote said goodbye to all of them, saving just in case and then teleporting his way into the Sand Zone.

Upon arriving at the Sand Zone, Quote saw a suspicious-looking (and extremely attractive) robot girl who, for some reason, just ignored him and ran off.

"I never have been good with girls." Quote realized. "I'm probably not as atrociously bad with them as Jack is, though..." he snickered.

After heading left through the entrance tunnel, he came across a rather tall vertical shaft that was full of giant wall-clinger mosquitoes. Leaping from platform to higher platform and so on while blasting each bug on the way, he quickly reached the top, where there were clearly visible cracked spots on the ceiling.

Blasting through those cracked spots and leaping up onto the top floor, Quote noticed a building sitting right next to him on the left, with a wine symbol on it. "Hmm...I am beginning to develop a bit of a craving for more alcohol..." he thought to himself, entering through the door.

Inside, Curly was waiting for him with a bunch of Mimigas, about five of them to be exact. "Hello, traveler." she greeted him. "What would your name be, hmm?"

"Umm...I don't know!" Quote lied.

"I swear you're lying...I can read it on your face." Curly informed him. "Just like every single time Jack plays poker with me..."

"My face isn't a book!" Quote protested. "By that logic, your face is a book, because your face is so fucking boring that it might as well be one!"

"HA! If anyone's face is totally fucking bland and uninteresting here, it's YOURS, pal!" Curly bit back.

"GUYS!" one of the Mimigas yelled at him. "You two sound like a freaking married couple arguing right now! Can we please just get to the real point here, for God's sake?"

"Well, okay, then, I guess I'll stop." Curly agreed. "Your face is still really fucking boring, though. Anyway, what I came here to tell you is that I will not allow you to poison and destroy the Mimiga culture any longer!" she explained.

"Oh my god, what in the fuck are you TALKING about!?" Quote asked her angrily.

"These things. These adorable, cuddly, potentially insanely marketable little things." Curly explained, picking one of them up and hugging it, causing its face to smile and turn pink.

"They're literally the plushiest, cutest, most lovable little fuzzballs I've ever seen, and all you do is threaten them with slavery and death!" Curly continued. "It's okay, it's okay, don't worry, mommy's here for you...coochie coochie coochie..." Curly comforted the Mimiga she was holding, shaking it up and down gently.

"Umm, I think you've got me confused with the Doctor here! The worst thing I've done so far is burn down a bunch of grass! THIS IS MADNESS!" Quote defended himself.

"NO! THIS...IS...CURLY!" she yelled at the top of her lungs, spraying bullets wildly from her machine gun.

"WHOA, HOLY SHIT!" Quote screamed as he leapt all the way up to the ceiling and clung onto it like a kitten. "Phew, I really dodged a bullet there, heh heh!"

But then the piece of the ceiling plaster that Quote was holding onto came loose and fell off, sending Quote tumbling right back down onto the floor. Noticing that there was a garbage can lid sitting right next to him amongst all of the broken beer bottles, he grabbed it and used it as a shield to defend himself.

"Hmm...fair enough." Curly complimented him. "But do you think you can dodge THIS?!" she yelled, spraying yet another shower of bullets at him. To Curly's amazement, Quote managed to block every single one of them with his makeshift shield. "Hmph...sic em, boys!" she commanded her beloved Mimiga quintuplets, sending them charging into him karate-style.

As the five young karate amateurs rushed toward him and attempted to jump-kick him in the face, he just whacked them in the face with his shield, knocking them out. Then, she threw them at Curly.

"WHY, YOU INSOLENT LITTLE- EAT THIS!" Curly screamed with rage at him, readying herself for another barrage of bullets. Luckily, Quote found a giant mirror lying on the ground and set it in front of him.

"HA! You think THAT'LL stop my bullets from hitting you?!" she yelled furiously as she began unloading her entire repertoire of bullets. However, because her bullets were actually laser bullets,

the mirror reflected them straight back at her. "OH, SHI-"

"Okay, okay, you win." Curly admitted as Quote scraped her back up onto her feet. "I suppose I got a little too carried away there. I apologize. Say...are you actually on the Doctor's side?"

"The Doctor can suck my dick and burn in hell!" Quote replied.

"I'm taking that as a no." Curly assumed. "Anyway, before you leave...would you like to have my machine gun?"

"Nah, you can keep it." Quote replied. "I'll just use my brains to stop the bad guys."

"Man, he sure is smarter than he looks..." Curly suddenly realized. "I've got hopes for him now!"

"Anyway, go ahead and sleep on the bed in the back room." Curly suggested. "You look like you really need some rest."

After Quote went to bed, Jack somehow sensed a gleaming opportunity. Well, actually, his map system told him about it, but you get the idea. He snuck into the Sand Zone when no one was looking and went straight to the inn where Quote was sleeping.

When Curly asked him what he was doing, he replied "I'm just going to dust everything off in the back room, if you don't mind." Curly also told him that he needed to be quiet because Quote was sleeping in there.

Inside, Jack opened the secret door to the attic and climbed up inside, where he found a very girly-looking treasure chest. Opening the chest, he found Curly's panties. Giggling mischievously, he then pick pocketed Chaco's lipstick from Quote's pants pocket using telekinesis. Hiding both items in the secret pockets inside his shirt, he then silently exited the inn without being caught.

"You never know when I might need these..." he thought to himself. "Let's hope I don't..." he shuddered, heading back to the village.

Quote woke up and asked the Colon Brothers (those Mimiga quintuplets that Curly had been talking about) what he was supposed to do. "Well, hey, it's not like I have a fucking strategy guide!"

One of them told him that there was a puppy in the back room that he needed to take with him. "Sure thing, why not?" he decided, carrying it atop his head.

"Watch out for those damned sand crocodiles." another one of them warned him. "One of them literally bit my freaking leg off! Dammit, I was planning to eat that leg myself!"

Leaving the inn, Quote set off to the right and found himself in a huge temple-like tunnel. Reading one of the engravings on the walls, he saw that it said "OOO; MARIO'S TUNNEL OF-A DOOM, VERY SCARY."

"Very funny." Quote groaned, rolling his eyes and setting off on his next murderous rampage...only this time, the enemies weren't so innocent. They all wanted him dead.

"Da hell am I looking at here?" Quote wondered as he blasted his way through each blockade of walls and enemies. "Sun things that split into smaller sun things when I attack them...sand crocodiles...da fuck?"

At the end of the hallway, he reached a large sand pit, where Misery had apparently been waiting

for him.

"Hmph...it appears you've almost got me cornered here!" Misery scoffed. "My God, the NERVE of you...what? YOU WANNA FUCKING FIGHT? I'll GLADLY fight you! I've been waiting such a long, LONG time for this that I can't even begin to explain it to a primitive, simple-minded douchebag like you."

"Oh, wait a minute...sorry, but it looks like my physical threats were all in vain. Sorry about that. My bad. Ciao!" Misery concluded, teleporting away for the millionth time.

Suddenly, a giant robotic sand creature burst out from the sand! It had the name "Omega" engraved onto it, and its body was basically a giant Venus Flytrap mouth with enormous tripod legs underneath.

Omega began the first phase of the battle by poking his mouth out of the sand and spitting a bunch of spiky balls everywhere; Quote dodged them like the Matrix while blasting away at Omega itself with his...pistol.

Soon, Omega began the second phase, bringing its entire body out from the sand. It started jumping around, spitting out balls while doing so. "Oh shit, looks like I'm pancake now!" Quote screamed as he ran underneath Omega's legs, narrowly escaping being crushed.

But one thing Omega had failed to mention was that it had suddenly gained super armor! "Good lord, not even missiles are working!" Quote realized. "If that won't work, WHAT WILL!?"

"Fear not, my friend; I know the answer." Suddenly, the dog began coughing up something. It was...a deer penis! He sneezed it out of his mouth violently, sending it flying straight into Omega's reactor core through the tiny hole between its legs, causing a critical meltdown.

In short, Omega exploded into bits, releasing the curse on the area, opening the giant hole in the top floor right next to the inn, and giving Quote a new reason to pet his dog. "I'll call you...DEER PENIS!"

## Part 4

Heading down through the hole in the ground and walking over to the left, Quote managed to locate yet another house. "Well, might as well see if there's anything to steal in there..." he decided.

Inside, he found Balrog attacking a presumably innocent, bespectacled old woman. "HEY, RESPECT YOUR FUCKING ELDERS, BLOCKHEAD!" he yelled at him, shaking his fist at him.

"Who're you calling a blockhead?" Balrog asked him dimly, leaping up through the ceiling and disappearing.

"What happened to you?" Quote asked her.

"Oh, nothing, my dear, aside from the fact that I was attacked by some kind of weird-ass toaster thing." she replied. "My name is Jenka. Pleased to meet you."

"Ooh, can I play Jenga with you?" Quote asked her.

"Sweet heavens, doesn't this story have enough name puns in it already?" Jenka groaned. "Anyway, I once had a brother named-"

"WHOA! Spoilers..." Quote warned her.

"Whoops, I mean...what I wanted to tell you is that my five puppies are gone, and you have to go and find them and bring them back, one at a time. They're almost as cute as Mimigas, so even if there are other dogs around, which there definitely aren't, you will still be able to identify which ones are mine. They're actually quintuplets just like the Colon Brothers, so they all look identical to each other. Oh dear, what is it with this game and fetch quests?" Jenka explained.

"Dunno, but I really gotta go! See ya!" Quote replied hastily, running out of the house and embarking on his latest and possibly his weakest adventure. To spare you the boredom, we're going to skip ahead in time to keep you interested while Quote grinds his way through this part.

But first, one more classic line from Quote: "Alright, time to kill all the enemies first...oh shit-sticks! DINOSAUR SKELETONS AND BIRDS, OH MY!"

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

"Okay, here's the last puppy you requested." Quote panted, sweating like a dog. "OH, COME ON!"

Sure enough, just as Quote expected, Balrog had attacked Jenka for the second time. "GO SUCK ON AN INHALER, AUNTIE!" Balrog yelled as he jumped out through the ceiling.

"Are you okay?" Quote asked her.

"Yes, but the Mimigas aren't." Jenka explained. "You see, what happened with the Mimigas is that-"

"Yes, yes, I know already, save your dying breath." Quote groaned. "What is this, Exposition Express?"

"Look, because of this story that you apparently already know, about the Mimigas and the red flowers, I really didn't want to give you the key to the red flower storehouse in the bottom-right corner of this area, because it would allow the same shit that happened before to repeat itself, like

when Jack wore a princess costume in his high-school yearbook photos twice."

"Um, okay, I REALLY didn't need to hear about that..." Quote replied.

"Anyway, here's a Life Pot." Jenka explained. "Doesn't look like a pot to me..." Quote replied.

"Well, due to Japanese-to-English translation issues, it's really more like a jar, but either way, its purpose is the same; it will completely restore your health to its maximum capacity."

"GROOVY!" Quote replied excitedly. "What's in it?"

TWELVE SECONDS LATER...

"AAAAAA!" Quote ran out of the house screaming. "Wait, come back in here!" Jenka begged him.

"Look, I know that the ingredients are...best left undiscussed, but trust me, this formula will work, regardless of how much dung and shower slime is in it. It's never failed me once! I promise!" Jenka explained.

"Well, if it's really that good for you, then I guess I have to take it..." Quote sighed, taking the Life Jar and heading off to the storehouse.

Arriving at the storehouse, Quote realized, to his extreme dismay, that it was too late. "Going somewhere?" the Doctor asked him, smirking diabolically.

"I've brought you the flowers of Robert Mapplethorpe, as you requested." Misery cackled.

"Dammit, I wanted normal red flowers, not gay ones!" the Doctor groaned. "Still...they seem to be in rather fabulous condition...why not test them out on a...LIVE SUBJECT? What do you say to that, huh?"

"Oh my god, that sounds like the absolute greatest fucking thing I've ever heard!" Misery squealed joyously. "Hold on a second, let me just work my magic here, if you know what I mean..."

Yup, you guessed it, she teleported...TOKORO into the room?! "Mwahahahaha..." the Doctor laughed. "I don't even care how heart-meltingly adorable she is, she's my bitch now!"

"Keep your hands off of her, pedophile!" Quote yelled at him.

"Don't make me laugh." the Doctor warned him. "That is not in the LEAST bit what I intend to do!"

"WAAH! HELP ME! SOMEBODY! PLEASE! ANYONE!" Toroko cried, running to the other side of the room, flailing her arms up and down like a human hummingbird yet again. "QUOTE, I THOUGHT YOU WERE MY BEST FRIEND IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD! HELP ME! PLEASE, IN THE NAME OF LOLLIPOPS, RAINBOWS, PUPPIES, KITTENS, FLOWERS, BUTTERFLIES, SPARKLES AND SUNSHINE, PLEASE HELP ME!"

"I'm not helping you until you tone down your cutesy-wutesy attitude." Quote informed her.

"QUOTE, NOOOOOO!" she screamed as Balrog tackled her over onto the ground.

"Hey there, cutie, want some CANDY?!" Balrog asked her.

"You're not gonna RAPE me, are you, Mr. Toaster?" she asked him.

"Oh, no..." Balrog laughed psychotically, "MUCH worse! You see this flower here?! Eat it! EAT IT! EAT IT, EAT IT, EAT IT, EAT IT, EAT IT, EAT IT!" He forced it down Toroko's throat harder than your average Internet video game reviewer tries to be funny.

Suddenly, the sound of Toroko gulping became the worst sound in the entire universe and all of the distant cosmos related to it. Yes, even worse than the sound of Satan scraping his armpit hair against a chalkboard.

"Oh no, I've got the ouchie-wouchies in my chubby-wubby-tubby little tummy!" Toroko wailed.

"STOP RIGHT THERE, CRIMINAL SCUM!" King yelled at the top of his lungs, charging directly into Balrog and hitting him with his sword harder than the stock market crashed when a bunch of drunk-ass terrorists from the Middle East decided to crash an airplane into the Twin Towers.

"You know what, you guys are too tough for me! I'm outta here!" Balrog screamed.

"That rectangular coward's pay is going to be significantly decreased from now on." Misery informed the Doctor.

"YOOOOOU..." King growled incredibly loudly at both Misery and the Doctor. "BOTH of YOOOOOU..."

"What is it, young wannabe poser?" Misery asked him. "BRAT got your tongue? POSER, POSER, I SMELL A POSER!"

"What do YOU plan to do that will even HURT me with that stupid, pathetic, dinky little sword that I could have made myself for a cheaper price than you probably bought it for?" the Doctor mocked him.

"I AM GOING TO FUCKING END YOU!" King screamed at the top of his lungs, leaping all the way across the room with his sword, being struck by Misery's lightning spell in midair, which sent him flying all the way back across the room, and hitting a wall. "...FUCK."

Suddenly, Toroko began to speak. "You...you bad man...look at what you've done! My...all this time, my adorableness was actually nothing but a mere facade to hide my true inner feelings. Now, there's no longer any way to hide them. You're the one who let me, the sweetest and most innocent girl on the entire island, die. And you know what? For some reason, it makes me feel...HAPPY...hee hee hee...the Little Miss Cuty McCupcake you once knew is know long gone, pal...tell me...how does that make you feel?"

"Oh, I don't know, I just wanna know how this is supposed to be funny...OH, WHO AM I KIDDING?! WHAT, ARE YOU FRICKING STUPID!?! OF COURSE I FEEL LIKE JUMPING OFF THE TOP OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING INTO A FUCKING SHARK TANK!" Quote screamed at her, bawling his eyes out.

"Oh, BOO-HOO-HOO-HOO-HOO. Cry me a fucking river, faggot. Drink it in, pal, that's a FAILURE taste!" Misery mocked him.

"Looks like they'll have to make a new name for you...Mr. Too-Scared-To-Save-His-Best-Friend-From-Certain-Death! And now you shall die as you lived...THE WORST HERO EVER!" the Doctor concluded. "Toroko, would you kindly dispose of this sick bastard and eat him for lunch?"

"Y-yes, sir..." Toroko could feel the power of the Doctor's red gem brainwashing her.

At that moment, Misery and the Doctor both teleported out of the room. It was just Quote and Toroko now. The best of friends, turned into the worst of enemies. "Y-yippee K-ki-A, M-mother F-fuck...DOHOHOHOHO, IT'S JUST NOT THE SAME!" Quote sobbed as he reluctantly raised his Polar Star.

"Actually, you know what? The voices in my head are all telling me to kill you, so you know what? LET'S DANCE!" Quote concluded.

"THIS! IS WHAT! YOU GET! FOR BEING! AN ASSHOLE!" Toroko yelled with rage, tossing five equally enormous bricks directly at Quote, who narrowly bobbed, weaved, dived, and lunged out of the way.

"YOU WANT SYMPATHY? ILL SHOW YOU FUCKING SYMPATHY!" Toroko screamed, slamming her fist into him so hard that when he hit the wall, it left a Quote-shaped crater in it.

"STOP IT!" King screamed, getting up, leaping into the air, and driving his sword into Toroko's skull, effectively killing her...but not before Toroko bit him on the arm, causing King's eyes to suddenly turn blood-red.

"Well, that's about enough life for today, let me see if I can just...OH GOD, THERE'S LITERALLY NO WAY TO SHOOT MYSELF IN THIS GAME!" Quote realized. "Oh, the horror...THE INHUMANITY!"

"Hey, look behind you!" Quote commanded King. As King turned around, Quote tripped him over with his leg, then snatched the sword out of his hand, cut all four of his limbs off with it, and finally chopped his head off with it, sticking King's head on the tip of the blade.

"Sniff...it's like a giant adorable lollipop...except...it's sad..." And with that, Quote collapsed onto the floor; he just couldn't take it anymore.

"WHY COULDN'T I SAVE THEM?" Quote cried. "WHY COULDN'T I SAVE THEM? WHY COULDN'T I FUCKING SAVE THEM?! WHYYYYYYY?! FUCK! FUCK! FUCKING FUCK! FUCKITY FUCKING FUCK! ARRRRRRGGGGGHHHHHH!" he screamed in agony, writhing on the floor like a madman.

"Now, do you realize the error of your ways?" King's spirit asked Quote as King's body disappeared.

"I've been fucking torn apart." Quote replied. "I don't even know if I can go on. All this is now is a quest for me to kill the fucking Doctor...and bring home bacon while I'm at it. Come on, King...let's go."

Upon exiting the storehouse, they were immediately ambushed by Misery and Balrog. "Of fucking course!" Quote groaned. "Just when I was starting to wonder what else could POSSIBLY go wrong!"

"Fuck you, toaster-boy!" Misery yelled at Balrog, banishing him into the Labyrinth. "Now, as for YOU, Quote...YOU TOO! BWAHAHAHAHA!" she laughed sadistically, banishing Quote into the labyrinth as well. "Oh, man, that felt so good..."

Quote woke up in a daze. He had no idea where he was, or really why he was even there. He saw an old robot to the right of him, so he went over and talked to it.

"Fuck off." it said.

"If I offer you some candy, will you say something?" Quote asked.

"OoOOOOOOoOoOOOH!" it replied.

"Jeez, what crawled up your ass?" Quote asked.

"Rats. A whole nest of em." it answered, prompting Quote to burn the robot to the ground with his flamethrower.

"Stupid piece of junk..." Quote thought to himself. "Man, this place smells like a garbage dump. Oh, wait, it IS a garbage dump! Well, it looks like there's nowhere to go but up..."

12/24/14

Dear Journal,

Today I attempted to make the first leap onto the first platform toward climbing up this giant cock-shaft of a room.

ATTEMPT #1: Slipped on a banana peel.

ATTEMPT #2: Slipped on Justin Bieber's sperm-soaked underwear.

ATTEMPT #3: Slipped on the Annoying Orange.

ATTEMPT #4: Slipped on a skateboard.

ATTEMPT #5: Slipped on a copy of Cave Story 3D.

ATTEMPT #6: Slipped on a slice of Little Caesar's pizza.

ATTEMPT #7: Finally made it up there.

From there, it was pretty simple; all he had to do was simply jump up onto each decaying platform, killing adorable purple blob monsters along the way, until he reached the terminal at the top. Activating the terminal, he finally opened the large door back at the ground level of the room, where he started.

Going through the door, he found himself in another bizarre hallway; it was there that he caught his first glimpse of the Gaudi, a race of cockroach people that lived here. One of them was standing in front of him.

"EWW, I FUCKING HATE BUGS! DIE, DIE, DIE!" Quote screamed, chasing it down and dissecting it limb-from-limb with King's Blade, laughing maniacally as he stabbed its dead body repeatedly.

In the next hallway, Quote began to see...slightly bigger developments in Gaudi society. Killing a few more blob monsters, he came across a whole group of Gaudi, slashing all of their heads off, stomping on their heads until their eyeballs sprayed everywhere, and then entering the building that they were gathered in front of.

Inside the building, as Quote had predicted, there were a bunch of Gaudi, but to his surprise, they were actually friendly. "You know what, fuck it, I'm just gonna kill all of em anyway." he decided.

After a great deal of screaming coming from inside the building, Quote blew the front door down with his missile launcher, wearing a pair of sunglasses and posing stylishly while doing so. "I'm

here to exterminate everything in sight and chew bubble gum...and I'm all outta Gum Base."

After ass-kicking his way through a rather huge portion of the trash tunnel, Quote found yet another odd little hole in the wall. Entering it, he found himself in a sort of clinic where two interestingly adorable and slightly Balrog-shaped medics lived.

"Hello, I'm a doctor! And I'm a nurse!" they greeted him. "I carry a handbag! And I carry a purse!"

"SQUEE!" Quote suddenly squealed.

"What was that noise? Is there something wrong with your throat? Do we need to change the medical rules we have wrote?" they asked him.

"No, it's just something fangirls do when they witness something exceedingly cute." Quote explained.

"Thank you for your compliment! Being adorable is our intent." they explained.

"Anyway, what do I need to do for you?" Quote asked.

"You must go to our old abandoned clinic! There, you'll find a familiarly shaped ghost who's quite the cynic." they explained.

"Alright, seriously, enough with the fucking rhyming! What, does someone pay you to do this shit?" Quote yelled at them.

"Fine, be like that. You'll be lucky if you don't end up getting eaten by a rat." they retorted.

Climbing up this section of the tunnel, Quote saw an opening that appeared to lead to the old clinic that Doctor & Nurse were talking about. Leaping up into the opening, Quote entered the clinic, which was rather old and run-down indeed.

The only thing worth noting here, apart from the obvious treasure chest in the center of the room, was the fact that the message "E = MC Hammer" was written on the marker-board in the background.

Quote opened the chest and found an interesting-looking pill, but decided to restrain himself from taking it. Suddenly, Quote's opening the chest triggered the rather abrupt appearance of the ghost that Doctor & Nurse had been talking about into the room! It eerily resembled an evil clone of Balrog on so many levels.

"Hello. My name is Puu Black." the obviously black ghost said, opening its red eyes. "I would've thought that you would've already learned your lesson from the last time that you opened up a chest right in the center of a room that was obviously designed specifically as a boss arena...but I digress. Are you ready for the true power of shadow to be unleashed upon you?"

"Sure." Quote said incredibly smugly, crossing his arms while doing so.

THIRTY SECONDS LATER...

"YOU'VE KILLED ME!" Puu Black screamed as his entire ghostly body dissipated into bubbles.

"GOOD." Quote replied, continuing to slash away at Puu with the sword even as Puu was already clearly dying. "Good riddance, that is."

Returning to the main clinic, Quote handed the pill over to Doctor & Nurse. "You are so strong and

burly. You will be a great help to Curly." they complimented him as he took a rest in the bed, with Curly recovering from her wounds in the bed next to him.

MEANWHILE, IN MIMIGA VILLAGE...

"Everyone's...dead..." Jack cried in the corner of Arthur's house. "AND I STILL DON'T HAVE A FUCKING GIRLFRIEND!" he sobbed. "Wait a minute...what's that?"

Going down into the basement, he noticed that there were a bunch of red flower petals scattered about. "Hmm...nothing of any use here..."

But then, suddenly, he noticed that one of the red flowers was still intact! "Oh my god, it's love at first sight!" he purred. "From now on, I'm calling you Rose!"

"Hmm...if you love that stupid flower so much, why don't you marry it?" Misery asked him, teleporting into the room.

"I would, but...THERE'S NO FUCKING DRESSES THAT'LL FIT ON IT!" Jack wailed. "Look, I'm the only person here who hasn't been sent off to the Plantation. Can we please get leave it that way?"

"HA! You wish!" Misery laughed. "You're coming with me now!"

"Fuck you!" Jack retorted. "I can do whatever the fuck I fucking want! I'm fucking Rick Gaines, bitch!"

"Hmph...you have officially worn out your welcome, AND MY PATIENCE!" Misery sneered at him. "Go rot in a jail cell with all the other niggers! See if I give a fuck!"

"THAT'S FUCKING RAAACISSST!" Jack screamed as he was teleported into Jail Cell #2.

The magic portal threw him out onto the floor of the cell, and he ended up landing face-first. "Now you're stuck with Mister Fatass and Little Miss Annoying for what'll probably be the rest of your fucking life. Have fun, motherfucker!" Misery taunted him.

"At least I've still got my dear Rose to keep me company..." Jack said as Misery left; Sue and Mahin were both deeply asleep in their cots.

A few seconds later, one of the Plantation's orange-skinned ogre guards came in with what he described as "A HUGE PILE OF FRESH, TASTY CARROTS!"

"Sigh...the way I feel right now, even carrots have lost their subtle charm." Jack moaned as he sat on the floor dejectedly, cupping his head in his hands. "Everyone dear to me is...just...gone. Just like that, gone, like the days when The Simpsons was actually funny."

"I miss the days of being a kid...those days when me, King and Toroko were all just the cutest little things imaginable, those days when King played major-league softball and got the shit beaten out of him for using cooked red flowers as steroids...ah, good times, good...times." Jack monologued to himself.

"You really are at a loss for words, aren't you, Jack? I sure am." he talked to himself. "Hey, look at me, I'm Toroko, I'm the cutest thing on the FUCKING PLANET! AND NOW I'M FUCKING DEAD, IN CASE YOU DIDN'T NOTICE!"

"Yeah...YEEEAHHH..." he creepily whispered to himself, holding a butcher knife.

And then, a mere shadow in the night, he slowly crept toward Mahin, knife in hand. "Time to feed..." he whispered, and as he slammed the knife straight down-

-a large piece was chopped loose from one of the carrots. "Ah, shadow puppetry, you just gotta love it! Om nom nom!"

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE LABYRINTH...

Quote woke up, this time not in a daze, but rather simply in a rage. "How much longer will it take for Curly to recover now?" he asked.

"About as soon as you kill the next boss; at this point, you really can't afford a loss." Doctor & Nurse explained.

"Well, I guess I'd better get going!" Quote decided. "Oh, and by the way, one more thing...Curly, I'm sorry I called your face boring."

"Apology accepted." she groaned, rolling over in her bed.

Saving as a defensive measure, Quote exited the clinic and made his way through the rest of the blockade of cockroaches, slashing them in the face so hard that their brains splattered everywhere. "OUT OF MY WAY, MOTHERFUCKERS!"

Suddenly, in the Gaudi deployment tunnel, Quote reached a dead end. "Oh, come on, seriously, ANOTHER fucking laser barrier? REALLY? Wait a minute...WHAT'S THAT NOISE?"

"HOLY SHIT! WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT?" There was a giant X-shaped tank charging directly into him! Quote jumped over it at the last second, narrowly avoiding being crushed underneath its treads. Then, he jumped over it again...and again, then it stopped for a few seconds and started firing machine guns at him.

"GO, KING! AVENGE TOROKO!" Quote yelled, sending King's spirit flying out of the blade; it savagely slashed away at all four of Monster X's machine guns, then recreated Link's Triforce Slash combo on the core of the machine, destroying it almost instantly. "Damn, what is it with this interpretation of Cave Story and the bosses dying in what seems like literally one fucking hit?"

Suddenly, as Monster X X-ploded, a giant cat flew out of it! "Alright, this shit is definitely going on Instagram..." Quote confirmed as he recorded footage of it with his camera eyes.

With Monster X's defeat, the laser barrier disappeared, allowing Quote to proceed into the next bit of the Labyrinth. "OH, SHIT, I'D BETTER WATCH MY STEP!" he realized.

Quote was now standing on the cliff of a very large chasm that greatly resembled Satan's asshole. As soon as he entered this room, Booster suddenly fell from the ceiling and crash-landed down below. "Ah, whatever, who cares about him, let's just go already! I'd rather not take my chances." Quote decided, saving for good measure.

SEVERAL RESETS LATER...

"Alright, I FINALLY made it across this fucking chasm!" Quote sighed with relief, pleased with how amazingly far he had just jumped. "Now let's just see what's in the next room back here!"

Opening the door, he found himself in what could only be described as the Boulder Chamber...because, well, there was a big rock in the middle of it, and it was a room. And yet again, it was a room that was indeed rather suspiciously shaped like a boss arena.

"Well, shit, looks like I'm stuck here." Quote realized. "Man, I really wish I had a fucking strategy guide right about now..."

"No need for that!" Curly informed him, suddenly entering the room. "Now you've got GIRL POWER! And with boy power and girl power combined, WE ARE UNSTOPPABLE...or not, I suppose."

"Even the two of us combined can't lift this fucking shit nugget!" Quote groaned.

"Well, what are we going to do then? Drown ourselves in piss? Play fucking mahjong until we die here?" Curly sobbed. "I've had more fun watching Bio-Dome with Pauly Shore, for God's sake! Someone please just kill me..."

"I'll do it." Quote requested.

"Oh, no, you won't!" an annoyingly familiar voice greeted them. "HUZZAH, MOTHERFUCKERS!" Balrog yelled as he came crashing in through the ceiling yet again.

"Oh, hey there, toaster-boy!" Curly greeted him. "Could you help us move this rock, please?"

"HOW ABOUT NO?" Balrog replied.

"Alrighty then!" Curly concluded joyfully as she, Quote, and Balrog all grabbed onto the rock in unison. All of them were pulling...except Balrog.

"DID YOU MOTHERFUCKERS EVEN LISTEN TO A SINGLE FUCKING WORD I SAID?! WHO IN THE HELL DO I FUCKING SOUND LIKE TO YOU, KURT COBAIN!?" Balrog screamed, charging into Quote and throwing him across the room.

"HAH, how pathetic...do you even lift, weakling?" Quote mocked him.

"WHY YOU LITTLE...MISSILE BARRAGE, ACTIVATE!" Balrog yelled, jumping about the place and firing missiles all over the place; Quote dodged all of them in slow-motion like something out of The Matrix, then caught one of them and threw it back at him.

"COUGH, COUGH...YOU PESKY LITTLE TWERP!" Balrog yelled. "TASTE THE INCALCULABLE WRATH OF THE FABULOUSLY FATAL FURY OF MY AMAZINGLY, AWESOMELY POWERFUL-"

"FALCON...PUNCH!" At that moment, right as Balrog was about to finish his grand boast, Quote Falcon-Punched him right in the face.

"YEEEEEE! WAHHAHAHAH..." Balrog started blubbering like a baby. "It's just not FAIR! All I wanted was a little recognition...all I wanted was to win just one fight...is that too much to ask?"

"Apparently, yes, it is." Quote said smugly, with his eyes closed, leaning back, crossing his arms and smirking.

"So...will you help us now?" Curly asked. "And more importantly, will you stop crying like a bitch?" Quote asked.

"Hmph...sure, I guess." Balrog agreed, getting up. "But I swear to God, if you try to ask me for fucking favors one more time, I will toast you so fucking hard your grandmother's gonna feel it in the morning!"

"But you keep saying you aren't a toaster!" Quote and Curly pointed out.

"LOOK, EVEN I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUCK I'M SUPPOSED TO BE, OKAY?" Balrog yelled at them. "FOR FUCK'S SAKE, JUST GO WITH THE FLOW!"

"1...2...3...LIFT!" And with that, the three of them threw the boulder over to the side, revealing the door to the beginning of the end.

"See you later, assholes." Balrog addressed them, leaping up through the ceiling. "Also...here's a present for you, Quote. You kicked my sorry ass so much that I honestly think you deserve it. Bye-bye now!" he concluded, dropping a chest through the hole that he had left in the ceiling.

Opening the chest, Quote found a Super Missile Launcher inside! "HOLY SHNYKIES, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED ONE OF THESE!" he fangasmed. "When this baby hits level three...oh, boy, we are gonna see some serious shit."

## Part 5

MEANWHILE, ON THE PLANTATION...

While Quote and Curly were busy ass-kicking their way through the main army base of the Labyrinth, the Mimigas were being interviewed by a secretary Mimiga named Megane in the psychiatry ward of the plantation.

"So, Jack...do you have some kind of a...fetish?" Megane asked him.

"W-WHAT?! N-NO! W-what the f-what the fuck gave you that idea!?" Jack retorted.

"THESE." Megane replied, pulling out a whole bundle of surveillance photos of Jack's extremely kinky shenanigans with his friends' feet.

"Aw...SHIT." Jack groaned, putting the back of his hand over his forehead and swooning (fainting) from embarrassment as Megane wiggled her- I mean, his- toes at him.

"I really don't want to look at this poor kid's unwillingly forced erection. I really don't. Can I PLEASE skip this part? PLEASE?" Megane begged the Doctor over the intercom.

"I AM a doctor, you know! If I have to examine gross and uncomfortable things like this, you should also be required to do the same! See what happens when you stroke the shaft up and down! Go ahead and rub your face all over it! Go on, DO IT!" the Doctor replied trollishly.

"UGGH..." Megane groaned. "PLEASE don't tell me he's going to upload this to the Internet..."

"Next up, Sue...why does everyone always call you a Mary Sue?" Megane asked her.

"Why do so many people call you a girl? Because you fucking look like one, that's why!" Sue retorted.

"Yes, yes, I know, I'm actually a guy, despite my incredibly girlish name and appearance...on a semi-related side note, have you ever actually had any legitimate friends?" Megane asked her.

"I think that Jack is probably the closest I've ever gotten..." Sue sighed.

"Next up, Kanpachi...are you secretly Jesus in disguise?" Megane asked him.

"Well, I really don't even look a thing like Jesus, to be honest, but I certainly do talk like a gentleman, like how most people imagined Jesus speaking when they were young." Kanpachi replied.

"Next up, Mahin...why are you so fat?" Megane asked her.

"I THOUGHT YOU WERE DIFFERENT! WAAH!" Mahin wailed, storming out of the room.

"Next up, Chaco...why are you such a gratuitous slut?" Megane asked her.

"Because it's a very lucrative business! Now GET OVER HERE!" Chaco yelled, suddenly raping the cameraman for no apparent reason.

"Next up, Santa...why are you so doom-and-gloom and pissed off all the time?" Megane asked him.

"Here's a better question for you: why is KING so fucking doom-and-gloom and pissed off all the god-damned time?!" Santa yelled.

"King is dead." Megane replied. "Also, as punishment for disrespecting King, I'm afraid that my bodyguards will have to throw you right off of the island! I'm terribly sorry, but I'm afraid that that's just how life works! See ya!"

"WHAT? NO! STOP! I REGRET SAYING THAT! I'M SORRY, OKAY?! LET ME GO, FOR GOD'S SAKE, PLEASE, I'LL DO ANYTHING!" Santa screamed as the guards dragged him off to the Outer Wall.

"Next up, Toroko's dead body...why are you so cute?" Megane asked Toroko's fly-ridden, stitched-up corpse.

"I'm the cutest frigging character in the game, what'd you expect?" Jack replied, using Toroko's dead body as a puppet.

"Last but not least, Sandaime...what exactly IS your purpose in this game, again?" Megane asked her.

"I grow flowers...and sometimes weeds." Sandaime replied.

MEANWHILE, UP ON THE BALCONY...

"So, how are the interrogations going?" the Doctor asked Misery.

"Swimmingly, sir! Although...they're not really what I would call interrogations." Misery replied. "Still, we're discovering some fairly interesting things about the Mimigas."

"Like?" the Doctor asked.

"Well, for one thing, Jack is actually pretty fucked-up, and also a bit of a narc." Misery replied.

"That I kind of figured from the get-go." the Doctor sighed.

"Also, Santa is a douche." Misery pointed out.

"What? Santa? You mean as in SANTA CLAUS?" the Doctor asked.

"No, just some random guy named Santa." Misery explained.

"Oh." the Doctor replied.

"Plus, we believe that Sandaime might actually be an illegal drug salesman." Misery explained.

"That would explain why he always hid beneath the shade of his floral booth..." the Doctor pointed out.

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE LABYRINTH...

"Alright, we've made it through the main part of the Labyrinth, and I've successfully farmed my missile launcher all the way up to level three, so now we're in some kind of...dark...room?" Quote wondered.

"That panther head back there looks just like the one from the First Cave!" Curly pointed out. "Maybe it contains a way for us to get back to the village!"

"Maybe." Quote replied. "Oh, well, let's keep going...can't be any worse than that time when I ate Taco Bell with real hot sauce and then went to the bathroom."

"Real tasteful, Quote." Curly replied sarcastically as they entered the most important room in the island.

"Look at all this machinery, Quote...wow..." Curly whispered with amazement, gazing down the vast mechanical hallway with its numerous mechanical locks.

"It is pretty amazing." Quote replied. "Now can we please get back to blowing shit up?"

#### ONE LONG AND TEDIOUS TERMINAL-LOCATING PUZZLE LATER...

"Alright, you've unlocked the final door!" Curly informed him. "Now go and save, and then come back here!"

Upon doing so, Quote was shocked by the sheer majestic scope of the room at the end of the already rather large hallway. "It feels like I'm in my mother's womb again!"

"You don't even have a mother." Curly reminded him.

"Thank you for reminding me how I was created!" Quote sobbed. "Hey, look, what's that down there in the water?"

The bottom of the room was flooded, albeit very shallowly, with water, so there were bound to be at least one or two things that washed up here. Jumping down to the bottom, Quote grabbed the paperback book that he had been talking about.

"Hey, it's a waterproof strategy guide for Cave Story! Let's see what it says about this part of the game...WHAT?! Oh, come on, SERIOUSLY, I was expected to fucking know that I was supposed to do THAT shit!? REALLY?!" Quote ranted.

"What's wrong?" Curly asked.

"According to this strategy guide, not only did I actually do the RIGHT thing when I left that old man to die in the abyss, but I'm also expected to know that in order to save you from certain death, I have to go and grab this random fucking glittering tow rope over here, all the way in the bottom-right corner of the room!" Quote ranted, grabbing the Tow Rope from the rusty old robot's deceased arm, which broke off shortly thereafter.

"And?" Curly asked, flipping through her voicemails. "I'm listening."

"And then, I have to attach the Tow Rope to you-"

"Well, that's self-explanatory." Curly pointed out.

"-and then, after I fucking attach it to you, I'm supposed to go into this random fucking cabin in the middle of the god-damned waterway and lay you out on the fucking bed-"

"SAY WHAT?" Curly asked, cocking an eyebrow.

"-so you can fucking sleep while I go to some random fucking bookshelf located somewhere inside the fucking cabin and read some boring old fucking book about how to drain the water out of fucking robots, and THEN I have to walk over to some stupid fucking computer, and when it asks IF I want to drain the fucking water out of you so that you won't fucking DIE, I HAVE TO

FUCKING CHOOSE YES! But oh, no, it's still not fucking over yet, I still have to fucking make sure that I remember to fucking TAKE YOU OFF OF THE FUCKING BED AND FUCKING CARRY YOU WITH ME THROUGH THE REST OF THE FUCKING WATER LEVEL, WHERE YOU WILL OBVIOUSLY JUST END UP GETTING FILLED WITH FUCKING WATER AGAIN ANYWAY! WHAT'S THE FUCKING POINT?!" Quote raged.

"That's probably the most fucks-per-second I've ever heard in a video game." Curly joked. "You could even potentially become the new Angry Video Game Nerd; you should try doing that sometime!"

Climbing up the stairs at the bottom of the room, Quote made his way back up onto the platforms and leapt up onto one the top-leftmost platform, where him and Curly were greeted by some kind of bizarre robot zombie that looked like it was at least a hundred years old!

"GREETINGS, TRAVELERS- ERROR! ERROR! HOSTILES WITH GUNS DETECTED! RETREAT! RETREAT! DRINK MORE RED BULL!" the robot said right before flying off and self-destructing.

Right after the robot disappeared, the real threat came out from its cage on the far side of the room as the entrance hatch to the room closed itself. Quote and Curly found themselves face-to-face with the Core of the island!

"If there's one thing video games have taught me, it's to look out for obvious weak points!" Quote remembered.

"Don't you mean, like, SEARCH for them?" Curly asked.

"Is that not what I just said?" Quote replied. "OH, SHIT, WATCH OUT!"

The fight was pretty simple; Quote and Curly leapt from platform to platform, dodging the Core's energy ball projectiles and trying not to drown when the Core decided to flood the entire room.

Every time the Core opened its face (and I do mean EVERY TIME), Quote would yell "EAT MISSILES, MOTHERFUCKER!" and spam missiles into it. But then, to his dismay, Quote realized that he had ran out of missiles!

"Dammit, it looks like we're going to have to use our ultimate attack!" Quote informed Curly.

"Which one?" Curly asked.

"You know the one." Quote replied.

"Oh, THAT one..." Curly snickered.

As Quote opened his chest compartment, Curly opened her boob compartments. "TRIPLE MOTHERFUCKING LASER BEAM OWNAGE ATTACK!" they both yelled at the top of their Japanese lungs in unison as they fired huge laser beams into the Core's weak point, dealing the final blow.

With the Core being severely damaged and no longer able to function, the whole place (and obviously the entire island as well) began to shake as if it was about to fall apart. "OH, FUCK, WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE! AAAAAAA!" Quote screamed, running back and forth wildly.

"Hello, Mr. Fuckington Fuckity Fuckworth." Misery greeted him. "Do you even freaking realize what you've just done, you psychotic freak? Without this Core to hold it in place, THE ENTIRE

FUCKING ISLAND IS GOING TO COME CRASHING DOWN AND EVERYONE WILL FUCKING DIE, YOU INCLUDED!"

"Wait...I'm on a floating island right now?" Quote asked.

"Yes, and I don't have enough time to properly explain why this stupid island floats in midair, so FUCK YOU!" Misery retorted.

"Misery! Stop lolly-gagging around! This is SERIOUS!" the Doctor reminded her. "If you don't hurry up, then I'm going to miss the scheduled time for my lunch, which consists mainly of pure Mimiga meat and teardrop wine! I'm getting bloodthirsty hungry here!"

"Alright, alright, alright!" Misery scoffed. "Core that lies in the center of this godforsaken trash maze, magic I shall use to move you to a more convenient place!"

Using her powerful magic, Misery teleported the Core to a safer place. "NOW HURRY UP AND GET OUT OF HERE! THE ROOM IS FLOODING LIKE AN E3 PRESS CONFERENCE!" the Doctor commanded her as she teleported both him and herself out of the area.

The entire room flooded, leaving Quote to fumble about desperately underwater while Curly laid silently next to him. "FUCK, I CAN'T SWIM, I FUCKING HATE WATER LEVELS, BLBLBLBLBLB!" he gurgled furiously as he suffocated.

Luckily, Curly still had one last gift to spare for him...

"Did you know that the witch-woman Jenka once had a brother? His name was Ballos. Despite his obvious lack of a life, he possessed fabulous magical powers far beyond those of ordinary World Of Warcraft players..."

Quote woke up inside of an oxygen bubble. "Oh my god, Curly sacrificed her air bubble for me!" Quote realized. "She really does love me! Normally, I wouldn't give a fuck, but now I HAVE to save her!"

Attaching the Tow Rope to Curly and tying her onto his back, he walked back out through the entrance hallway...slowly...slowly...

"GOD DAMN IT, COULD THIS POSSIBLY BE MOVING ANY FUCKING SLOWER?" Quote yelled irritated. "Come on, seriously, I've got places to go, could I please just MOVE IT already?"

After what felt like an eternity of walking to the left, Quote finally made it back to the room that had that suspicious-looking panther head in it. Saving, he entered the head, which was now open for whatever reason...perhaps to drain the water out?

"I don't know whether to love it or hate it when I'm right." Quote realized as he simultaneously realized where he currently was; that head was actually a secret entrance to the main waterway of the island!

"So, basically, it's like a water level, except that I don't have to fucking swim or worry about fucking drowning? FUCKING. WIN." Quote complimented the game designer. (Using the plural form of the word designer would not be appropriate here since this entire game was literally created by ONE GUY.)

"OH, SHIT, UNDERWATER SPIKES!" Quote screamed. "Oh, I can just jump over them...cool."

At about the halfway point of the underwater current maze, Quote, precariously perched on top of a wall, saw a mysterious door, which was almost undoubtedly the one that the strategy guide had been talking about! "STRATEGY GUIDES FOR THE FUCKING WIN!" Quote cheered.

"Now let me just see if I can make this jump..." Quote concentrated, leaping out of the water and landing on the solid floor of the crevice in which the door was located. "YES! I MADE IT! This game is my fucking BITCH now!" he cheered, entering the door.

"Yup, it's the fucking cabin all right." Quote groaned, setting Curly down on the bed. "Dammit, what'd that strategy guide say?" he tried to remember, pacing around the room and examining random things. "Oh, yeah, now I remember!"

And so Quote examined the bookshelf, finding several porno mags, a bunch of boring and cheesy old sci-fi and fantasy schlock...and finally, the dusty, cobwebbed old book to which players seeking the best ending would always flock.

From this book, he learned a lot of random stupid tabloid bullshit, like how to grow marijuana on the Moon, or how to tie your own pubic hair into knots...but, more importantly, he discovered the secret method for draining the water out of flooded robots.

He operated the terminal to the left of Curly's bed, which opened up a secret door in the wall that led to a closet which contained a huge vacuum cleaner; to put it bluntly, he stuck the hose of the device into Curly's mouth and cranked it up to full blast, for lack of being enough of an asshole to do anything meaner.

Finally, he lied down on the bed right next to her, closing his eyes; still, he feared that the two of them would eventually have to say their goodbyes.

After a good, long nap, Quote woke up, grabbed Curly, who was somehow STILL unconscious, and headed back out into the waterway. "OH, SHIT, MORE FUCKING SPIKES!"

After jumping over shitloads of spikes with the help of the incredibly linear current, Quote suddenly found himself in the main artery of the island's water supply, where he was now face-to-face with... "A FUCKING CYBORG FISH?! REALLY?! JESUS H. CHRIST, WHAT IN THE EVER-LOVING FUCK IS THIS DAMNED GAME GOING TO THROW AT ME NEXT!?"

"Hmm...this battle feels like a space-shooter to me." Quote realized.

And it was, basically; Ironhead swam around, summoned swarms of sea urchins and shot projectiles at Quote, while Quote basically did the exact same shit except without the summoning swarms of sea urchins part. "See, I'm good at space shooters! I can easily kill this fuckwad without even taking any damage whatsoever!"

And kill it he did, when suddenly... "OH MY GOD, WHERE IN THE HELL DID THESE FUCKING SQUIDS COME FROM!?"

To celebrate Quote's flawless victory, a whole colony of squids swam past him, and Curly drifted away in the confusion as Quote was unceremoniously deposited, unconscious, on what was originally Kanpachi's fishing platform...right back where he started in Mimiga Village, which was now completely deserted.

MEANWHILE, ON THE BALCONY...

"So, I would assume that Quote and Curly are both dead?" the Doctor asked Misery.

"Well, it seems that I am still able to sense their presence." Misery explained.

"DAMNIT!" the Doctor yelled, slamming his fist on the armrest of his throne yet again. "If even we can't fucking stop these two, NOTHING can! Except...wait a minute...oh my god, I can't believe I'm doing this...um...Misery?"

"Yes, Doctor?" Misery asked him.

"If I die, promise that you will open the secret gate to hell." the Doctor requested.

"Yes, sir!" Misery replied, laughing. "There's no way that Quote will ever be able to resist going for the so-called best ending! What little does he know that he probably won't even survive doing so!"

"MWA HA HA HA HA HA!" they both laughed mischievously.

MEANWHILE, ON THE PLANTATION...

"Alright, so, here's the plan." Jack explained, displaying a slideshow of it on his laptop.

"First, I'm gonna put on my infamous bride costume from all those embarrassing high-school yearbook photos." Jack explained; Sue and Mahin were already trying excruciatingly hard not to laugh.

"Secondly, the costume shall be complete with Chaco's Lipstick, Curly's Panties, and a rather scientifically elaborate pair of fake tits." Jack explained; Sue and Mahin were literally about to burst out laughing.

"Finally, I shall become the fake male bride of the Doctor, seduce him into drinking wine rigged with sleeping pills, then bite his dick off and push him off the cliff of the Balcony." Jack concluded, causing Sue and Mahin to literally roll on the floor laughing.

"Dude, for fuck's sake, you've already pulled that freaking stupid and clichéd sleeping powder trick on King, and the Doctor's even got it recorded in his psychiatry records!" Sue explained.

"Yeah, aren't you kind of embarrassed that the Doctor knows about what goes on inside of your crazy-ass head?" Mahin asked him.

"Grave fetish, foot fetish, porn fetish, crossdressing fetish, mushroom fetish...what're you going to end up being bizarrely attracted to next? Yourself?" Sue ranted.

"Umm...Sue, he already is a total narc." Mahin reminded her.

"Oh, yeah, and also, one more thing...STOP EATING ALL THE FUCKING FOOD, FATASS!" Jack yelled at Mahin.

"Why don't YOU stop playing fucking VIDEO GAMES all day, HUH?" Mahin asked him.

"Why didn't you fucking finish high school?" Jack retorted.

"Why are YOU so fucking GAY?!" Mahin snapped at him.

"You know what? Fuck this shit, LET'S RUMBLE! May the best character win!" Jack yelled as both of them pounced onto each other, becoming entangled into a ball of dust, fists, feet, and fur.

So Mahin grabbed Jack's leg and Jack grabbed Mahin's esophagus,

and Mahin bit off Jack's ear and Jack chewed off Mahin's eyebrows,

and Mahin took out Jack's appendix and Jack gave Mahin a colonic irrigation.

"GUYS!" Sue yelled at both of them. "Can we PLEASE settle down for the time being?"

"Yeah, Mahin." Jack sneered. "Let me have some alone time with Rose, please...if you don't mind." And with that being said, Jack crawled into the corner and started making love to Rose.

"What has been seen cannot be unseen." Sue whispered to Mahin as both of their jaws hung wide open in disbelief.

MEANWHILE, BACK IN MIMIGA VILLAGE...

"Where am I?" Quote wondered as he woke up. "And what the hell is this thing?" he also wondered, pulling some kind of squid-shaped badge trinket out of his armpit.

"Worthless junk..." he groaned, tossing the badge aside. "Oh my god! I remember now! I'm back in the village, aren't I? Yep, this is definitely the fishing reservoir...hey there, chin...uh...fishie-fishie?"

"Let's have a staring contest." the Chinfish muttered as Quote left the room. "Umm, hello? Staring contest with the legendary Chinfish? Anyone? Come on, don't leave me hanging here! Sigh...I sure do suck."

"Oh, JAAACK? MAAAHIN? SUUUE? KANPAAACHI? Whatever the fuck your name is, oh yeah, SANDAAAIME? ANYONE? Come out, come out WHEREVER you ARRRE!" Quote called out.

"Damn, the Doctor must have taken everybody, that fucking sick fuck!" Quote realized. "And, also, where in the seven hells is Curly? OH, CURRRLY?"

"Well, damn, who is here?" Quote wondered. "Maybe I'll go and check Arthur's house, since it's usually the first place I look...no, wait, first, I'll go and check Jack's house next to the graveyard!"

Inside Jack's house, Quote found a message on the marker-board. "YOU SUCK!" it said.

"Gee, thanks!" Quote replied sarcastically, pouring a can of soda into the fireplace and finding a bubble gun inside. "Man, fuck that stupid pussy-ass bullshit! Real men play this game without the fucking bubble gun!"

Upon entering Arthur's house, Quote was rather shocked to suddenly see Booster teleporting in through the teleporter. "Where in the hell did you come from?" Quote asked him.

"That abyss that I fell into in the Labyrinth." Booster explained. "There was a teleporter there, and I somehow managed to repair it using some tools that I got from the Labyrinth's storehouse.

"On the way over there, I was non-hostile toward what few were left of the Gaudi troops, so they left me alone and didn't attack me." Booster continued. "Thank you so much for leaving trapped down there to presumably die, by the way."

"Was that supposed to be sarcasm?" Quote asked him.

"Actually, no." Booster replied. "If you had been a good person and attempted to save me, then I would have died in the process, although you, as much of an egotistical asshole as you may be,

would still be alive."

"Dammit, I knew that that freaking strategy guide was actually right all along!" Quote realized.

"Anyway, as a rather noticeably undeserved reward for your rather questionable achievements, I present to you...my latest invention, not to mention my greatest." Booster explained. "I present to you...the Booster 2.0!" Booster announced.

"What does it do?" Quote asked. "Just believe in yourself, and the device shall do the talking for you!" Booster explained. "What are you waiting for, anyway? Strap the damned thing onto your back and turn it on already!"

By concentrating his thoughts, Quote was able to use the device as a short-distance, multi-directional jetpack. "WOO! I'M A ROCKET MAN!" Quote cheered. "Where should I go next?"

"Apparently, Balrog left a clue for you in one of the bookshelves in this house." Booster explained.

"Oh, come on, seriously? ANOTHER fucking bookshelf puzzle?!" Quote groaned. "Oh, God, please don't tell me this game is about to turn into one of those stupid fucking I-Spy puzzles."

After combing through every single book in the bookshelves, Quote eventually found a card of computer paper hidden inside one of them. Quote picked it up and read it.

"I am a three-letter word that goes well with bacon. What am I?" the card asked him.

"Oh, shit, I have amnesia and I can't fucking remember the answer to this fucking preschooler question!" Quote realized with humiliation. "I really don't wanna ask for help, though..."

TEN MINUTES LATER...

"Um, Booster, could you help me with this one?" Quote asked. "Do you know a good four-letter word that goes well with bacon, by any chance?"

"Sigh...look, I know you have amnesia, but for fuck's sake, that's got to be the easiest damned riddle I've ever heard of!" Booster scolded him. "I mean, seriously, for crying out loud, you don't even fucking remember what eggs and bacon taste like together? Come on, man, those things literally go together like fucking peanut butter and...uh...honey!" Booster ranted.

"Oh, you're just jelly." Quote teased him.

"Just...for God's sake, just go. Please? I'm begging you." Booster replied.

"Well, alrighty, then." Quote concluded, saving and setting off for the Egg Corridor.

## Part 6

"Oh, shit, it looks like the Egg Corridor's changed for the worse..." Quote realized upon entering.

Everything in the Egg Corridor had been completely torn apart! I mean, sure, the dragon eggs had all hatched, but the dragons themselves were now reduced into blood-crying zombies!

"Holy shit, it looks like I just took a stroll down Dark Lane and Edgy Avenue..." Quote realized, wiping the tears from his eyes. "Well, I suppose the only thing that'll ease my pain right now is to simply annihilate everything that moves..."

Quote sprayed highly toxic pesticide all over the flies, and then kicked them against the walls and stomped on them so hard that their internal organs liquefied. Dodging numerous falling stalactites along the way, he took the vacuum from earlier and sucked all of the living clouds of gas into it, where the bag's compression function squeezed them all to death.

Best of all, he killed the dragons with his flamethrower. "Let's fight fire with FIRE, baby!"

About halfway through, he came across what was left of the old save point building where he had previously found his now-obsolete old missile launcher. He entered the building through a hole in the wall on the leftmost side. Everything was all fine and dandy...

Except for the fact that a pair of dragon twin sisters suddenly appeared. "NWEHEHEHEHEHE! You'll never make it out of here alive!" the sisters cackled.

"You know what?! Fuck this, I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO FUCKING LAUGH ABOUT, YOU STUPID MOTHERFUCKERS!" Quote yelled at the top of his lungs, grabbing onto the two of them with his rocket arms and repeatedly slamming the two of them head-first into each other so hard that their spines flew out of their backs and their entire skeletons shattered into pieces.

"Ahh...all in a bad hair day's work." Quote smirked, exiting the building through another hole in the wall on the rightmost side.

After making his way through the rest of the Egg Corridor in the exact same way that he plowed through the first half of it, Quote saved and took a brief nap in the Side Room where he had previously slept before.

### MEANWHILE, ON THE PLANTATION...

"Um, Jack, are you okay?" Sue asked Jack, who was curled up in a ball trembling and whispering to himself in the corner of the room.

"We're all just...nothing but stereotypical character clichés..." Jack muttered. "We might as well just BE a bunch of fucking cartoon characters while we're at it...I'm the nerd...he's the fat bastard...and she's the spoiled bitch..."

"Hey, I am NOT a spoiled bitch!" Sue scolded him. "Hey, uhh...Mahin? Would you kindly please go over to the fridge and get me some coffee?"

"Uh, sure...cream, two sugars, sprinkles, whipped cream, ice cream, a cherry on top, and two cinnamon rolls on the side, right?" Mahin asked.

"Yup! You'd better make it exactly the way I want it or else I will RIP YOUR FUCKING

SCROTUM OFF WITH MY BARE HANDS!" Sue yelled at him.

"Y-yes...m-ma'am..." Mahin whimpered, his knees quivering as he shook like a bowl full of jelly.

"MOVE FASTER, FOR FUCK'S SAKE!" Sue yelled at him. "COME ON, MOVE IT, LET'S FUCKING GO ALREADY!"

"Kill me." Jack begged, holding a rather odd-looking cigar. "Later." Sue replied.

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE EGG CORRIDOR...

"Jesus Christ, when will I stop having these fucking annoying god-damned nightmares?" Quote wondered. "Oh well, let's go..."

Upon re-entering the Egg 0 Laboratory, which was shockingly still in pristine condition, Quote saw Kazuma hiding in the shadows. "Kazuma, for fuck's sake, quit being such a god-damned pussy and talk to me!" Quote begged him. "We haven't seen each other in days, you know!"

"I'm sorry, Quote..." Kazuma whimpered, "...but I'm afraid that there's just no hope anymore. Dammit, I just wanna see my mommy again! Is that too much to ask?"

"For a knucklehead like you, yes. Yes, it is." Quote replied.

"NO ONE UNDERSTANDS ME! I'M SO DEPRESSED I COULD JUST SLIT MY WRISTS!" Kazuma whined, blubbering like a baby.

"Well, go ahead and do it again, Mr. Emo McFaggot." Quote retorted.

"I THOUGHT YOU WERE DIFFERENT! WAAH!" Kazuma wailed, storming out the back door.

Quote went back to the Side Room and saved just in case, then he went back into the laboratory and exited through the back door, with the prime intent of chasing down Kazuma.

And there Quote was, standing on the fabled Outer Wall of the island. And there was Kazuma as well, standing on the edge of the wall with what was originally intended as Sue's pet dragon.

"This dragon, among quite a few others, has the intent of rescuing Sue and her Mimiga friends if something goes wrong." Kazuma explained. "BUT I'M TOO MUCH OF A WORTHLESS FUCKING PANSY-WILLOW TO GO AND SAVE THEM! I JUST WANNA GO HOME! WAAH!" he bawled.

"You know what? That's it. You have officially broken the last fucking straw." Quote sneered. "I worked my black-and-grey morality processors to the BONE for the sake of completing this adventure, and THIS is the thanks I get?! THIS?! ARE YOU FUCKING SHITTING ME?!"

"PLEASE DON'T HURT ME! I'M TOO WEAK AND COWARDLY!" Kazuma got down on his hands and knees and begged.

"Your actions continue to threaten the innocent Mimiga race with slavery and death! You have brought unspeakable fucking SHAME upon your people! PUSSY! YOU! ARE! A! FUCKING! PUSSY! AND YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!" Quote ranted.

"PLEASE, your Omnipotence, HAVE MERCY!" Kazuma begged.

"MERCY? THIS! IS! HOW I ROLL!" Quote screamed, kicking Kazuma so that he fell backward, right off the cliff of the island.

"SEE YOU IN HELLLLL!" Kazuma screamed at the top of his lungs as he fell to his death.

"I love you, Dragon." Quote told the Dragon, giving her a warm hug.

"I love you, too." she replied.

Using his Booster 2.0, Quote climbed his way up the wall, meticulously calculating his jumps onto each platform, dodging the giant sperm cells of numerous ghost-cat-things, narrowly avoiding being bitten in half by blue sand crocodiles, and trying not to slip on his own tears on the way up as the moon shone brightly in the background.

About one-tenth of the way up, he found a hole in the wall that led to an odd little room. Inside the room was a treasure chest. Opening the chest with his hands (one of which had a silver ring on its index finger, with the other having a gold ring on its index finger), he found some kind of weird digital clock thing.

"WITH THIS CLOCK, YOU SHALL UNLOCK THE BLADE'S HIDDEN POWER. WHEN THE TIME COMES, YELL "ZA WARUDO!" AND THE WORLD WILL MOVE AT ZERO MILES PER HOUR." was the message inscribed upon the back of it.

"What sword is he talking about?" Quote wondered.

"My sword." King's spirit replied. "Who wrote this message?"

"Some guy named Dio." Quote replied. "I knew it." King smirked.

After climbing the rest of the way up the wall, Quote entered the door at the top and found himself in yet another storehouse, where he met a bizarrely mutated and strikingly dog-like Mimiga creature who acted similarly to Kazuma, only without the obnoxious drama-queen bullshit. Upon seeing Quote enter the room, he immediately cowered into the corner.

"Are you here to kill me or are you here to take me back to my cell?" he asked.

"Neither. I'm here to help you!" Quote replied.

"Oh, well, that's a bloody relief, I suppose." he sighed with relief. "Greetings, strange traveler. My name is Itoh. Pleased to meet you." Itoh greeted Quote, shaking hands with him.

"Man, what is it with this fucking island and people with stereotypically Japanese names?" Quote thought to himself. "Say, Itoh, what's your last name? Let me guess...Sakamoto or some typical Japanese shit of that nature?" Quote asked him.

"I AM Japanese, thank you very little," Itoh replied, "and, also, didn't the background music when you were climbing up that damned wall kind of sound stereotypically CHINESE if anything?"

"Well, I dunno, it's a fucking MOON SONG, what else would I expect?" Quote pointed out.

"Anyway, let's get back to the topic at hand here." Itoh explained. "I want to climb down the Outer Wall and just get the hell out of here, but I'm too scared of heights to do so! And if I try to go into the Plantation, I'll be attacked by monsters! I'm trapped between a wall and a hard place here!"

"Hard place? Seriously? Puh-leeze. According to my strategy guide, this is supposed to be, like, literally one of the easiest fucking areas in the whole damned game!" Quote retorted. "You know what, fuck you, I'll just go and kill all the god-damned monsters myself! Here, have a can of beer while you wait for my return!"

"But I'm not manly enough to drink beer!" Itoh complained. "It tastes atrocious to me!"

"JUST FUCKING DRINK IT! FOR FUCK'S SAKE, DRINK IT!" Quote yelled at him, forcing the beer (not the can, just the drink) down his throat.

"So, what do you think of the fucking taste NOW, huh? Does it fucking taste GOOD now? HMM? WELL, FOR FUCK'S SAKE, DOES IT?!" Quote asked, lifting him up by his shirt collar and shaking him violently.

"Burrrrrrp...I think I just drank a nice big load o' cat urine mixed wit' dog piss an' cow vomit, I did...and now I think I need a nice, long naaap..." Itoh drunkenly leaned back, fell asleep and began snoring, with his arms hanging underneath him.

Quote hastily laid the unconscious Itoh down on the ground, threw a blanket over him and went through the next door into the Plantation, whistling innocently.

"Alright, first things first, KILL EVERYTHING THAT OPPOSES YOU!" Quote reminded himself.

After savagely murdering every single harmless little dragonfly, bat, fish, and non-hostile ogre guard in the area as per tradition, Quote tried to decide what part of the vast Plantation he would explore first. "Let's explore the bottom part first!" he decided.

Going down through the hole in the entry bridge, Quote reached the bottom floor of the Plantation. Immediately noticing the small makeshift bedroom in the bottom-right corner of the area, he went inside and saw his old adversary, Curly, sleeping on the bed there! It appeared that Cthulhu had taken up a new job as her doctor, but had clearly ran out of ideas, somewhat like the writer of this story.

"Welcome, stranger." Cthulhu greeted him. "Your girlfriend here-"

"SHE'S NOT MY FUCKING GIRLFRIEND YET!" Quote corrected him.

"Would you please let me fucking continue?" Cthulhu asked him.

"Fine..." Quote sighed.

"Your friend here is currently suffering from a severe case of amnesia, even worse than yours, to the point where she literally can't remember anything! I'd say it's just about time to dump her into the scrap heap." Cthulhu explained sadly.

"CURLY, NOOOOOO!" Quote screamed.

"HOWEVER!" Cthulhu yelled. "However, if you backtrack all the way back to the village, you may find an interesting specimen of blue mushroom, known as Ma Pignon, somewhere in that place. If you can find it and bring it back here, then the forces of plot advancement just may have mercy on you yet." he explained.

"Oh, for fuck's sake, not AGAIN..." Quote groaned.

MEANWHILE, IN JAIL #2...

"GUY'S!" Jack alerted Sue and Mahin. "I think I just found the answer! Oh my god, I'm a freaking genius!"

"What is it this time?" Sue and Mahin sighed, the latter nibbling on a chicken leg as always.

"By mixing and combining my exceptionally fermented butt sweat with cherry-flavored wine and the organic compounds of several different types of perfume, I have invented a brand-spanking new contribution to the vast, amazing, wonderful universe of SCIENCE!" Jack boasted. "With this pheromone spray, everyone, boys and girls alike, will FLOCK to me! I call it...the Gay Guy Gene Gas!"

"Are you fucking serious right now?" Sue questioned him, cocking an eyebrow.

"Why, yes, my jolly good friend!" Jack replied. "With this gas, I shall turn your entire personality traits into those of..."

"A gay guy?" Mahin guessed.

"A GAY GUY! CORRECT!" Jack finished.

"Yes! One point for Mahin!" Mahin cheered.

"Boo!" Sue booed Mahin.

"You won't be such a Negative Nancy once you experience the effects of this wondrous gas, my dear!" Jack boasted. "TAKE THIS!" He sprayed a sample cloud of the awful-smelling gas into Sue's face, causing Sue to cough as she involuntarily inhaled it into her brain through her nose.

"So? What do you think?" Jack asked her.

"Oh my god, like, seriously, if I'm being simply honest here, I think that you look totally FABULOUS!" Sue replied gaily. "How would you like to sign your autograph on my pretty-boy skirt? Or even my cushy little butt cheeks for that matter?"

"How would you like to suck my balls?" Jack asked sarcastically.

"Oh my God, I would totally, like, LOVE to!" Sue answered, overjoyed.

"That'll be five dollars and twenty-five cents, please." Jack calculated. "You'd better pay up, hot stuff, cause I'm not wearing skinny jeans!"

Once Sue was finished, Jack used his neutralizer gas to return her to normal...with her face right in front of his crotch.

"Umm...what did you just make me do?" Sue asked nervously, her face turning bright red with embarrassment.

"Go look in the mirror and see for yourself." Jack replied trollishly.

"AAAAAAA!" Sue shrieked as she looked in the mirror and saw the cum stains all over her face. "You are a disgusting man!" she yelled at him face-to-face.

"Your face is disgusting." Jack replied, grinning.

"WHY, YOU LITTLE- ARRGHHHH!" Sue screamed, attempting to wipe the jizz off of her face with her bare hands and accidentally smearing a rather large portion of it all over her face as a result; Mahin, and Jack especially, could not stop laughing, even if it was at her expense.

"Heh, looks like my brilliance just rubbed one off on you." Jack snickered, tears trickling down his

face from how hard he had just laughed.

"Oh my God, do you ever shut up?" Sue retorted.

"Believe me, Sue, there's more where that one came from!" Mahin chuckled.

MEANWHILE, BACK IN MIMIGA VILLAGE...

"Alright, where's this fucking blue mushroom bastard?" Quote wondered. "I've looked ALL OVER the god-damned village for him, and I still can't fucking find him!"

"Wait a minute...maybe I should try looking in the one place that I literally haven't been to even ONCE since the beginning of the game!" Quote realized, heading off to the graveyard. "Yeah, that's right, FUCK YOU, strategy guide! I don't fucking need you anymore anyways!"

Re-exploring the graveyard, Quote suddenly noticed something that he had previously forgotten; in the upper-right corner of the area, there was a small crevice in the ceiling! Quote flew up into it with his jetpack and entered the door within, leading him into what appeared to be yet ANOTHER fucking storehouse.

"Gee whiz, man, seriously, how many fucking storehouses does this damned game HAVE?!" Quote wondered.

"Hey, when you live underground, you need to have a lot of fucking storehouses." Ma Pignon piped up. "Also, have you seen these fabulous photos of me and Jack?"

"Umm...okay, I did NOT need to see those." Quote replied. "They seem a little bit too...fruity for my tastes."

"Hey, I'm a fucking fruit and I take offense to that!" Ma Pignon yelled at him. "Anyways, did you come here wanting something?" Ma Pignon asked.

"Yes." Quote replied.

"Do you REALLY want it?" MP asked.

"YES!" Quote replied.

"So, do you really need it, then?" MP asked.

"FOR FUCK'S SAKE, YES!" Quote replied.

"Then you don't really need it, I suppose?" MP asked.

"YES- I MEAN, NO!" Quote replied.

"Will you please kiss me?" MP asked.

"FUCK, NO!" Quote replied.

"Wrong answer, pal!" MP retorted.

"FUCK YOU!" Quote retorted back.

"No, fuck YOU!" MP retorted back upon Quote's retorting of MP's previous retort.

"YOU WANNA FUCKING FIGHT ME, NIGGA?" MP asked.

"FUCK, YES!" Quote yelled as they both charged into each other.

"ELBOW MACARONI!" Ma Pignon screamed as he flew through the air, with Quote instinctively lunging out of the way at the last second; as Ma Pignon hit the wall, giant boulders collapsed from the ceiling; Quote accidentally got hit on the head by one of them!

"HA HA, YOU GOT HIT ON THE HEAD WITH A BIG ROCK!" Ma Pignon laughed.

"SHUT YOUR FUNGUS-INFESTED FUCKING MOUTH!" Quote yelled at him, kicking him into the wall.

Suddenly, Ma Pignon went Super Saiyan and turned invincible!

"Musheeta! What does the scouter say about his power level?" some random mushroom in the background asked his friend who was standing right next to him.

"IT'S UNDER NIIINE THOUUUSAAAND!" Musheeta yelled at the top of his lungs, crushing the scouter with his intense telekinetic grip.

"CHEEZ-ITS IN MY VAGINA!" Ma Pignon screamed at the top of his lungs as he flew through the air once again.

"Dude, seriously, are you fucking retarded?" Quote asked him.

"Hey, don't insult autism!" Ma Pignon yelled at him, charging into the wall yet again and sending more boulders crashing down from the ceiling.

"Ha, missed me that time!" Quote taunted him.

"GRR...WHY, YOU LITTLE SHIT! YOU JUST SET OFF MY MOTHERFUCKING TRAP CARD, ASS-FACE! PREPARE TO DIE!" Ma Pignon screamed at him.

"SATAN'S MECHANICAL DILDO IS SALTY!" Ma Pignon screamed at the top of his slowly-but-surely dying lungs as he flew into the wall one more time, causing the entire ceiling to start collapsing.

"Oh, shit, what have I done? EVERYONE EVACUATE! THIS IS NOT A DRILL, I REPEAT, THIS IS NOT A DRILL! ABANDON ROOM! ABANDON ROOM!" Ma Pignon screamed.

"GET your fucking hands off of me, you...PONCE!" Ma Pignon yelled as Quote grabbed him and carried him out of the room just before it collapsed.

"I-I'm sorry..." Ma Pignon broke out into a fit of sobbing. "I just didn't know what to do! I'm sorry, master, I'll do anything for you! Now I've learned a very valuable lesson: violence is never the answer!"

"You'll have plenty of time to apologize when you're roasting in Curly's stomach, faggot." Quote replied, stuffing Ma Pignon into his storage bank.

"Damn...that was cold, like the air conditioner in that damned room." Ma Pignon groaned, collapsing exhaustedly onto one of the many piles of gold stored inside the bank. "Oh, how I wish I could just steal all this tasty, tasty money and keep it for myself..."

"Don't even THINK about it!" Quote warned him.

"Y-yes, master..." Ma Pignon shuddered.

Returning to Curly's rest bed in the Plantation, Quote got out Ma Pignon. "If you try to fucking run away right now, I will fucking murder you on sight, you understand me?" he warned Ma Pignon, squeezing him tightly by the stem.

"(cough) I (cough) under (cough) STAND!" Ma Pignon choked as Quote loosened his grip on him. "HA HA HA! SO LONG, SUCKERS!" he laughed at them, running off.

"Where do you think you're going, weakling?" Cthulhu asked him, raising his clenched left hand and electrocuting Ma Pignon with a huge and thunderous bolt of lightning.

"I'M FINISHED..." Ma Pignon groaned; paralyzed by the electric shock, he was no longer able to move...and he was also deliciously fried, too!

"Say, MP, you're looking mighty fucking tasty! DOWN THE FUCKING HATCH YOU GO!" Quote yelled at him, grabbing him and approaching Curly.

"Open wide..." he instructed her.

"I'm too sick..." Curly replied.

"Oh, for fuck's sake, if you're not going to open your mouth, then I guess I'm going to have to do it for you!" Quote groaned, forcing Curly's mouth open and stuffing Ma Pignon in; being too lazy at the moment to actually chew, Curly swallowed him whole, washing him down with water.

MEANWHILE, INSIDE CURLY'S STOMACH...

After a rather scary and painful squeeze through Curly's esophagus, the soaked, cold and shivering MP fell and landed in Curly's stomach. "OH GOD, NO, NOT THE DIGESTIVE FLUID! NOT THE DIGESTIVE FLUID! AAA! OH, GOD, IT'S IN MY EYES! MY EYES! AAA! AAAAAAAA!" the poor thing screamed in agony as Curly's stomach acid melted him alive.

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE CURLY'S STOMACH...

"Boy, that'll make a great fucking INSIDE story for the newspaper, huh? Huh?" Quote joked, winking and nudging Curly with his elbow.

"Yeah, yeah...anyway, I feel all better now!" Curly joyfully realized. "I even remember your name now! Oh, and, by the way, there's something I've been aching to tell you..."

"What?" Quote asked. "Please tell me it's something good..."

"I LOVE YOU." Curly responded.

"Good to know. Bye." Quote replied, heading off.

"Boy, that conversation sure was short-lived." Curly told Cthulhu, frowning.

"Well, as you will see, the simple joys of life are often fleeting..." Cthulhu warned her as Quote set off exploring the Plantation.

"Hmm, I wonder what's in here?" Quote thought to himself, opening a door that was situated in plain sight in a large crevice on the second floor of the area.

"Wow, it's a rest hall!" Quote realized. "Oh my god, the Mimigas here are so frigging CUTE!"

"Umm...have you ever met a single Mimiga who WASN'T cute?" an adorable little Mimiga girl with bow-tied hair walked up to him and pointed out.

"Umm...now that you mention it, good point." Quote complimented her.

"CHIE! We aren't supposed to talk to strangers!" Chie's grandfather yelled at her from upstairs.

"Sorry about that, Grandpa!" Chie apologized. "Oh, and, uhh...by the way, my grandpa's name is Zett." Chie whispered in Quote's ear.

Walking over to the top-left corner of the room, Quote met Megane. "Hello, my name is Megane, and I would like to give you an important little psychology-related question...why are you such an asshole?" he asked Quote, adjusting his glasses.

"I'm not an asshole, I'm just in a bad mood! NOW DIE!" Quote yelled at him, shooting him in the head with the Polar Star and stealing all his sprinklers. "I always wanted a sprinkler, and I'm also sure that many other people do as well! Also, I'm sure that they'll sell for a decent amount of cash on eBay anyway, so SUCK IT, PROTAGONIST MORALITY PURISTS!" he explained, attempting to justify his actions as he stuffed all the sprinklers into his storage bank.

"Um, if you're done being a sick bastard, I just want to tell you that I'm going fishing, alright?" Kanpachi told Quote.

"I just want to tell you WHO CARES?" Quote replied.

"Fine then, be that way." Kanpachi replied, storming out the door. "Just know that I won't be letting you into heaven!"

"What does that mean?" Quote wondered. "Anyway, I'd better go and comfort him..."

Going back down to the bottom floor and platforming his way across the lake, Quote found Kanpachi fishing as always. "So, what'd you find?" Quote asked him.

"Nothing but a lousy fucking boot..." Kanpachi groaned. "I really don't get paid enough for this shit..." he muttered, emptying the water out of the boot, when, suddenly, a mysteriously fancy-looking key fell out!

"Hmm? What's this?" Kanpachi wondered with amazement. "Damn, I am a lucky guy after all...Quote, you should probably have this. It looks like a blatantly obvious plot-advancement device if you ask me. Try using it on the door over there!" he explained, pointing his finger left, across the last gap of the lake.

"Oh, boy, this level's going to be a really long fucking fetch-quest, isn't it?" Quote groaned.

"Dude, the whole world's at stake, you have to be able to deal with some really boring gameplay here and there!" Kanpachi scolded him.

"I guess you're right..." Quote sighed, dumping a whole bucket of his expired motor oil into the lake. "See? I just did your lame-ass fucking work for you! All of the stupid fucking fishie-fishies are dead now! Now do you see why I'm such an amazing guy?"

"You're amazing, all right...amazingly fucking EVIL!" Kanpachi growled at him. "Do you even have any fucking idea how much it costs to replace the damned water supply here?"

"Your childish musings about the value of money mean nothing to me." Quote replied as he flew

across the last gap of the lake, unlocked the door and went inside, leaving Kanpachi seething with rage.

Inside the room, Quote saw a teleporter! "Finally, I get to warp back to Arthur's house!" Quote realized with joy. "Come to papa, baby, I've missed you so much!"

But then, suddenly, the last remaining ogre guard, the one standing right behind him, leapt into the air and landed right on top of him, knocking the wind out of Quote and knocking him out.

"Surprise, motherfucker." the ogre laughed, dragging Quote off and throwing him into Jail Cell #2.

"Fucking wake up, would you?" Sue yelled at Quote, slapping him in the face to wake him up. "Look, I've got an important letter for you, please read it!" she explained.

"Yeah, just try and read her atrociously horrible handwriting while you're at it!" Jack chuckled. "Hell, I made less ugly DRAWINGS in grade school!"

"That's because, unlike the rest of you stupid-ass douchebags, I don't have anthropomorphic four-fingered human hands, which makes writing things with a pencil really fucking hard!" Sue yelled at Jack and Mahin.

"Oh, my, you really make my dress flutter." Jack teased her, prancing about aimlessly.

"Umm..why in the seven hells is Jack wearing a fucking women's dress again?" Quote asked her.

"Let's just say it'd be easier to upload to the Internet than it is to explain." Sue sighed.

"Aren't MOST things easier to upload to the Internet than they are to explain?" Quote pointed out.

"Oh, stop being so literal-minded!" Sue groaned.

"Anyway, let me just read this horribly written message." Quote concluded, causing Jack and Mahin to snicker and then cower in ridiculously adorable fear when Sue gave them the evil eye.

"This place fucking sucks, would someone please get me out of here? Also, the password for the secret room is YROTS EVAC." Quote read. "What secret room?" he asked.

"The one where all the BAD BOYS live. Oh my! Tee hee!" Jack giggled.

"Would you PLEASE shut the hell up?" Sue begged him. "Anyway, go down to the second floor of the Plantation, if there is a way out of here, and look for a place where there's a lot of tiles. Go through the secret invisible passage inside them, and you'll be there!" she explained.

"So, how do I get out of here?" Quote asked.

"For crying out loud, just blow the frigging bars up with your rocket launcher!" Mahin requested.

"Mahin, you freaking idiot, that'll just cause the entire damned ROOM to cave in!" Sue pointed out.

"You gotta DANCE to get out of the water!" Jack explained, pointing to the little pool of water on the far right side of the room.

"Well, okay then, see you, boys!" Quote concluded, saving, entering the pool of water, squeezing through a small and rather conveniently placed gap underneath the escape-prevention wall.

From there, he climbed up the snaking path above the right side of the pool, crawled through the

rest of the tunnel, and snuck out through the also conveniently placed door at the endpoint.

After heading down into the secret room (luckily, robots have the innate natural ability to speak in reverse), Quote saw that there was a green-haired woman there who looked like a scientist!

"Hello, I am Sue's mother. You can call me Michelle." she explained. "As you can see in the center of the room, I've built the base for a rather interesting device that I'm going to unfortunately need your help in order to complete."

"Is this going to be another one of those freaking fetch-quests again?" Quote groaned.

"I know how you feel, but, unfortunately, we have no other choice." Michelle explained.

"Couldn't you just go and get the components yourself?" Quote pointed out.

"My, my, how rude! That is NO way to treat a lady!" Michelle scolded him. "Anyway, the first thing I'm going to need from you is your jetpack."

"Well, okay, as long as you give it back, I think I can probably live without it for the time being." Quote agreed.

"Don't worry, I'll give it back once I'm done using it." Michelle confirmed.

"Thank god..." Quote sighed.

"Also, I'll need you to wear this cute little Mimiga mask here." Michelle instructed him.

"Will do!" Quote replied eagerly. "What am I using it for, though?"

"I need you to go and get me a sprinkler, if you don't mind." Michelle explained.

"Sprinkler? HA! I've got, like, a whole freaking WAREHOUSE of em in my storage bank!" Quote laughed. "Wait, how many did you need again?"

"Why, one, of course." Michelle confirmed. "You do speak English, correct?"

"Yes, ma'am!" Quote responded, giving her an American salute and a sprinkler.

"Okay, so...now, last but not least, I need you to go and find Kazuma- er, I mean, Itoh." Michelle finished.

"Oh, that's easy! He's probably still hiding like a pussy in the local storehouse!" Quote remembered. "This'll be as easy as listing the digits in pi!"

As Quote headed off to the storehouse, he took a brief detour for old time's sake, going down to the bottom floor through that exact same hole in the bridge yet again and heading down to see Curly...with his Mimiga mask on.

"Oh my god, no, you got turned into a weak and helpless little Mimiga!" Curly wailed. "But oh my god, you're SO FREAKING CUTE now!" she squee'd, hugging him, cuddling him, nuzzling his fake ears, Eskimo-kissing him, and just generally snuggling with him.

"Now kiss me." Quote commanded her, taking his mask off.

"Why, you...you're such a lovably cheap little bastard, you know that?" Curly complimented him, kissing him on the cheek. "I knew you were still just a robot all along, you silly goose!"

"Aww, stop, you're embarrassing me!" Quote laughed, heading off to the storehouse.

"Alright, I've cleared out all the enemies, let's go!" Quote commanded Itoh.

"Whaddayahowa?" Itoh drunkenly slurred, waking up from his alcohol-induced nap.

"Snap out of it!" Quote yelled at him, slapping him back into focus.

"What? I gotta leave this room?" Itoh asked, leaning and stumbling back and forth. "But I'm too-burrrrrp! -SCARED!"

"Oh, for fucking crying out loud..." Quote groaned, lifting Itoh up and carrying his drunken ass over to the secret room.

"Hello, beautiful...BLEAUGH!" Itoh greeted her, puking onto the floor and suddenly getting over his intoxication as a result. "It sure is a pleasure to see you again, Michelle!"

"You too, twinkle-toes, you too." Michelle laughed. "What happened to you?"

"Oh, don't worry about him!" Quote encouraged her, tossing a beer can into the nearby recycle bin. "He just happened to be one of the poor unfortunate souls subjected to the freakish horrors of Malco's cooking!"

"Oh, yeah, that guy!" Michelle suddenly remembered. "I remember the last time I ate his idea of chili. It gave me explosive diarrhea for three days! THREE DAYS!"

"Well, that sure is nice to know..." Itoh muttered. "Anyway, here's that stupid transformer you were asking for..." he groaned, giving her an Optimus Prime action figure.

"Not THAT type of transformer, you dolt, an ELECTRIC transformer!" Michelle scolded him.

"Oh, yeah, RIGHT!" Itoh chuckled, pulling his prized electric transformer device out of his pocket and handing it to her.

"Great, we've finally got all the ingredients to our ultimate masterpiece!" Michelle confirmed joyfully. "Just take a nap downstairs, Quote; when you wake up, I promise it'll be finished!"

After Quote finished taking his nap, he saved and went outside, where he immediately saw Michelle and Itoh standing atop the secret tunnel entrance, waiting for him.

"You sure took your sweet time..." Itoh mumbled.

"Anyway, are you ready for the absolute toughest material that this game has to offer?" Michelle asked him.

"Sure, whatever." Quote replied, shrugging his shoulders.

"I'll take that as a yes, then!" Michelle decided. "Anyway, here's your jetpack. I knew you wanted it back."

"I NEEDED it back, for fuck's sake!" Quote pointed out.

"Well, anyway, hop on top of this rocket platform and say your goodbyes, because you're blasting off!" Michelle warned him. "Lifting off in 5...4..3...2...you know what, fuck it, LIFT OFF!"

And so Quote, standing atop the rocket-propelled platform, rose to the challenge of the next few

areas (and yes, I do mean that he literally "rose" up into the air).

Reaching the top, he saved, just to be safe, and opened up the door to hell...well, something that greatly resembled hell, that is. "Daisuke Amaya, if I can't finish this game, tell my nonexistent mother that I am a failure at life."

## Part 7

"A black wind blows through your body. All weapons drop to Level 1!" the narrator informed Quote as he stepped into what would be...his Last Cave.

"Ehh, who cares, I can handle it!" Quote replied.

And handle it he did...after dying about fifteen times, that is. The entire level was filled to the brim with lava pits, goddamned bats, winding passages of death, and so many freaking spikes that Quote actually wrote a song about it, and it went something like this:

"FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUUUUUUCK!"

After finally making it through the Last Cave and slaying the Red Ogre with King's sword for good measure (not to mention literally eating its heart out), Quote opened the final door to the island's world-famous Balcony, wiping the blood off of his mouth.

"Oh my god, it's so...beautiful..." Quote realized, gazing upon the Balcony's vast, heaven-like beauty.

Unfortunately, however, said beauty was horribly tainted by the fact that the Doctor obviously resided here. "Ah, typical video game clichés..." Quote thought to himself.

And, of course, with the Doctor's presence comes brainwashed Mimigas. "Well, if it's required in order for me to survive, then I guess I have to kill them..." he decided regretfully, chopping their heads off with his sword and burning their bodies into ashes. "It's just part of my programming..."

"You know what? I'd better go rest." Quote decided, heading left into the deserted prefab house on the center of the Balcony and resting in its one and only bed.

MEANWHILE, AS QUOTE WAS SLEEPING...

"Alright, jackass, you're coming with me- OOH, SWEET MERCY, would you LOOK at that handsomely crossdressed young chap?" Misery squee'd as Jack sprayed his Gay Guy Gene Gas all over her face.

"That's me!" Jack pointed out delightfully, ruffling his dress. "So, what don't you like about REAL girls?" he asked.

"Oh, dear sweet Jesus, EEW! They're all, like, so totally icky and stuff!" Misery lisped. "I mean, for crying out loud, it's not even their appearance so much as it is their personality! Also, eew, like, seriously, vaginas are, like, SO gross!"

"Agreed." Jack replied. "But, you see, my darling, it's not about what your sexual organs look like...so much as it is about what they actually DO, mon frére!"

"I guess I learned that the hard way..." Sue groaned, causing Jack and Mahin to snicker.

"I like big butts, and I cannot lie." Misery replied. "Boy, you and the Doctor are going to have SO much fun together, if you catch my drift!"

"Gulp...M-me and...w-WHO?!" Jack gasped.

"The Doctor! Haven't you heard of him? Everyone loves him, especially the big hunky dudes in the

local gay bar!" Misery replied. "Before you know it, you'll be MARRYING him at the rate you're going!"

"T-that's...n-nice...t-to k-know..." Jack rasped, turning pale, blacking out and fainting head-over-heels onto the floor.

"Oh, my, how adorable!" Misery squealed like a girl. "You're so excited to see the Doctor that you actually swooned over the mere thought of him!"

Misery teleported Sue, Mahin, Jack, and herself into the Doctor's throne room, where he was waiting for them.

"Ah, more tasty young morsels for me to devour- OOH! My Lord, you guys look FABULOUS!" the Doctor crooned as Jack sprayed him with GGGG, with Sue and Mahin watching from a few feet away.

"Umm, I'm a girl." Sue pointed out as Mahin readied his video camera. "Oh, man, this is gonna be SO good..." Mahin whispered, grinning mischievously.

"How's about we have a nice little gentlemanly tea party together, you and me? What do you say?" the Doctor addressed Jack.

"Sounds nice, but, uhh...I'm really hot in this dress, you see..." Jack explained.

"Oh, don't mention it!" the Doctor laughed as the two of them sat down in cushioned chairs on opposite sides of a round patio table. "You're the hottest little thing I've ever seen, if I do say so myself!"

"AHEM! I meant hot as in TEMPERATURE hot!" Jack corrected him, attempting to cool his head off using his girly Chinese fan as he sweated so much that he was literally filling the buckets next to him. "Also, I'm really shy and nervous around my, uhh, lovers...anyway, would you mind getting me some lemonade instead?" he asked.

"Sure thing, mon frére!" the Doctor replied, getting him a glass of lemonade.

"Hey, that's MY thing!" Jack yelled, shaking his fist, as the Doctor set their glasses of lemonade down on the table.

As Jack drank his lemonade, he noticed that there was something...off about it...

"PFF!" Jack spat out his drink all over the Doctor's face, to which the Doctor kindly wiped off his face with his handkerchief in response. "THIS ISN'T FUCKING LEMONADE, FOR GOD'S SAKE, IT'S PISS!"

"Whoops, hehe, sorry about that, let me get you another glass." the Doctor apologized, laughing.

"He totally did that on purpose." Mahin whispered.

"Gee, ya THINK?!" Sue whispered back.

"Oh, JAAACKIE!" the Doctor called out as he brought out a real glass of lemonade. "I got CRAAAZY STRAAAWS!"

"Um...tee hee, you're such a silly-willy young man! What crazy, silly fun thing are you going to pull out next?" Jack asked.

"Um, Jack, I wouldn't be asking him that question if I were you..." Sue whispered.

"And would you look at this, the chairs even have built-in VIIIBE-RATORS!" the Doctor teased Jack, causing Jack to roll his eyes. "Oh my God, this is so much jolly good FUN! So, what would you like to talk about?"

"Umm...I've been thinking a lot about snails recently! They're SLIMY!" Jack randomly blurted out, causing Sue to face-palm and causing Mahin to crack up laughing.

"Oh, you're so adorkable. I love that in a fellow gentleman." the Doctor replied, smoking a pipe. "So...have you ever actually been to France?"

"It's a very long story, and a very difficult one to tell, unfortunately." Jack explained, applying extra lipstick. "Think of it as being like a bastardized version of all those good old French love-story movies."

"Meh, I don't really care for those. Too corny and sappy for my tastes, though I am a big fan of Coca-Cola." the Doctor chuckled. "Heh...because, you know...corn? Sap? Corn syrup? Get it? Oh, come on, man, laugh! I just made a joke! Please don't tell me it wasn't funny! Well, I thought it was pretty rooty-toot-tooting funny, if you catch my drift!"

"Look, mister, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but you really don't need a damned doctor's degree just to know what fucking CORN SYRUP is." Jack explained, combing his blonde wig and readjusting his hat.

"You wanna know what's really funny?" the Doctor asked. "We both share a certain special thing in common, you know."

"What?" Jack asked, powdering his face and looking at himself in the mirror, trying not to look embarrassed.

"We're both wearing a square hat and glasses! I think you and me were literally MADE for each other!" the Doctor explained, causing Jack to spit out his drink for the second time; creepily enough, the Doctor was still smiling as he wiped the lemonade off of his face for the second time with his handkerchief.

"So, uhh, since we're, like, made for each other...what would you like me to do for you, master?" Jack asked him awkwardly.

"How about giving me a nice, long, soothing foot massage?" the Doctor asked. "I know you really love that sort of thing, you kinky, kinky boy!"

"UM, DUDE, SERIOUSLY, THAT'S JUST A MYTH, I NEVER EVEN-"

"Come on, you know you want to!" the Doctor teased him.

"I hate my life..." Jack sighed.

"Well, okay, then, let me begin with a nice, long strip tease!" he announced as he slowly, SLOWLY began to untie his shoes.

TEN MINUTES LATER...

"Oh, for shit's sake, are you fucking DONE yet?!" Jack groaned drowsily as the Doctor finally finished pulling his socks off.

"You bet I am! Now SMELL THEM!" the Doctor commanded him, thrusting his feet into Jack's face.

"T-they smell like d-dainty little r-roses, sir..." Jack winced, his eyes watering and his nose bleeding from the outright awful stench. "T-thank you for s-sharing that d-delightful s-smell..."

"Now LOOK AT THEM! Observe their majestic beauty!" the Doctor continued.

"Ugh...yes, those are some real nice, uhh, MUSHROOMS you got growing there between your toes..." Jack gagged.

"Man, what is it with this fucking story and foot fetishes?" Sue whispered.

"Dunno." Mahin whispered. "Maybe you should ask the writer or something."

"Now TASTE THEM! LICK THEM!" the Doctor commanded him.

"Oh my God, they taste like my dead grandmother's hundred-year-old shit- ER, I MEAN, THEY TASTE LIKE FRIED CHICKEN AND SKITTLES!" Jack heaved.

"Now FEEL THEM!" the Doctor commanded him.

"Wow, they feel like my dead grandfather's nutsack. I remember those days when I used to take showers with him...but I wish I DIDN'T remember it, because it was fucking CREEPY!" Jack sighed.

"So, what do you think of the experience so far?" Sue asked Jack.

"I'm really starting to regret my own fucking existence right now." Jack replied. "Do you have anything that I could kill myself with?"

"Hey, Jack, I also got some amazing FOOT-age of your suffering! Once this video is finished, I'm uploading it straight to Grindr, where people will then make millions of reaction videos about it on YouTube!" Mahin laughed.

"You're really not helping, fat-ass..." Jack growled.

"And now for the grand finale! Hot Jack-on-Doctor action! Is your body ready for ME?" the Doctor announced, leaning over and pulling his pants down, revealing his butt to everyone watching, including Misery who was standing right next to him.

"Oh, God, please, no, ANYONE, I repeat, ANYONE but me!" Jack screamed, backing away toward Sue and Mahin, with his arms out beside him as if he was pressing himself up against a wall, his knees quivering with fear. "Pick Mahin instead, PLEASE! Pick Mahin instead! Just pick Mahin instead, I'm BEGGING you!"

Jack tried to spray his GGGG into Mahin's nose, but, to his intense shock and dismay, there wasn't enough left in the perfume bottle. "Come on, work, work, WORK!" he frantically panicked, shaking the bottle and squeezing the spray handle while pointing it directly toward his face.

"Wait, NO, JACK, THAT ISN'T SAFE, DON'T DO THAT- oh, shit..." Sue gasped as Jack accidentally sprayed his own GGGG into his nose.

"Sure thing, handsome, I'll GLADLY accept your offer! COME to Papa, bad boy!" Jack laughed maniacally, accepting the Doctor's offer.

## FIFTEEN SECONDS LATER...

Sue's and Mahin's jaws had both completely dropped to the floor, and their arms were also dangling down to the floor as well. They literally could not believe what they were seeing.

"My eyes...oh dear Lord, my EYES! My eyes have never felt so VIOLATED!" Sue screamed.

"Oh my God, what in the fuck am I reading?" Mahin wondered to himself as he was reading Fifty Shades Of Grey.

"I have officially been scarred for life...some things simply were not meant to be seen by human eyes." Sue moaned. "OKAY, THAT'S IT, I CAN'T FUCKING BEAR TO LOOK AT THIS SHIT ANYMORE! MAHIN! GIVE ME THE FUCKING NEUTRALIZER!"

"The what now?" Mahin asked.

"THE NEUTRALIZER! GIVE ME THE FUCKING NEUTRALIZER! NOW!" Sue screamed, shaking him so hard it made him dizzy.

"Okay, here it is, now GO!" Mahin commanded her.

"YOU'D BETTER FUCKING BELIEVE I'M GOING TO END THIS!" Sue screamed, charging wildly onto the scene and spraying Jack's neutralizer gas all over the place. Coughing, everyone returned back to normal.

"Oh, shit...we're in a heap of trouble now, aren't we?" Sue realized.

"Gee, you fucking THINK?" Jack retorted.

Jack and Mahin got thrown into the Prefab House's secret back closet for the Doctor to deal with later, while Sue was captured by Misery.

"Psst! Let's make sure Quote doesn't know that we're still alive." Jack warned Mahin.

"Okey-dokey!" Mahin replied, with both of them falling asleep in the closet and waiting.

Quote woke up and exited the house. "I'd better take in this wonderful view, because for I all know, this just might end up being the last time I ever see it..." he realized, stretching his shoulders and setting off for the throne room.

"Just give up, Misery! I know you're here!" Quote yelled.

"Why, hello, you ridiculously annoying pile of shit!" Misery greeted him. "If anything, you're definitely a very persistent son-of-a-bitch, I'll give you that."

"Well, that's certainly good to hear, now LET'S GET TO FIGHTING ALREADY!" Quote yelled at her.

"TAKE THIS!" Misery yelled, creating a rotating barrier of spheres around herself, firing machine gun bullets from her wand, and casting lightning bolts at Quote. "WHAT? How in God's name do you dodge all that shit?" she wondered.

"It's called COVER, you ever heard of it?" Quote informed her, stepping out from behind his cover and spamming missiles from his launcher...right as Misery teleported to the other side of the room. "DAMMIT!"

"YOU MAD?" Misery asked him, summoning a swarm of bats, which Quote torched with his flamethrower. "You know what, fuck it! I mean, sure, I may have all these awesome magical powers, but you know what? Honestly, I think I'd rather just drop a rock on top of you."

And so she did. "WHAT THE SHIT? How in the hell did you survive THAT?!" Misery yelled.

"Brains don't always beat brawn, you know." Quote reminded Misery, hurling the brick back at her before she could react.

"Grr...I am definitely going...to feel this...in the morning..." Misery gasped as she was crushed underneath the brick. "Hmph, I've still got a few more tricks up my sleeve!" And with that being said, she teleported away to safety.

Climbing up onto the next floor of the Balcony's royal chambers, Quote finally met up with the Doctor. "I've got a fucking SCORE to settle with YOU, Doctor Douchebag!"

"Your spirit is strong, yet your mannerisms are ever so childish and crude." the Doctor laughed, with his back turned to Quote. "I've been waiting for the chance to finally wash you off of my skin for quite some time now, you know. You have been warned."

"Oh yeah, you're real SCARY, tough guy, why don't you come on over and say that to my FACE?" Quote taunted him.

"I AM saying it to your face, dumbass!" the Doctor corrected him, turning around to face him. "But, unfortunately, I'm just a bit too classy and intelligent to simply PUNCH you in your stupid, smug, arrogant, downright IRRITATING little face...so it looks like I'm going to have to show you my latest new bling-bling object!" he explained.

"Your bling-bling object?" Quote asked him, cocking an eyebrow.

"THIS." the Doctor clarified, pulling out his red gem. "With this red gem, I shall annoyingly block your attacks while amplifying the power of my own attacks; but, mostly, I'm just going to annoyingly block your attacks and teleport all over the place while constantly spamming energy projectiles like a douchebag."

"Sounds like a real fun fight!" Quote said sarcastically. "Also extremely befitting of your personality, to say the least!"

"Allow me to demonstrate!" the Doctor announced.

"WAIT!" Quote stopped him for a second. "I forgot to mention...YOU ARE A FUCKING MIMIGA-SLAYING PIECE OF SHIT!" he yelled at the top of his lungs.

"Hmph! WHAT IS A MIMIGA? A MISERABLE LITTLE PILE OF FURRY PORNOGRAPHY! BUT ENOUGH TALK! HAVE AT YOU!" the Doctor yelled furiously.

ONE LONG MONTAGE OF THE DOCTOR ANNOYINGLY BLOCKING QUOTE'S ATTACKS WITH HIS RED GEM WHILE TELEPORTING ALL OVER THE FACE AND CONSTANTLY SPAMMING ENERGY PROJECTILES LIKE A DOUCHEBAG LATER...

"Urgh...you got me." the Doctor gasped. "But this isn't over, you'd better believe that! I may have officially lost control over my own power, but damn it, I'm not dead yet! RED GEM, GRAAANT MEEE POWERRR!" he yelled at the top of his lungs, deforming himself into what appeared to be a steroid-pumped zombie jock version of himself.

"ARRRGH! DOCTOR SMASH!" the Doctor yelled, raising his fists.

"OH, FIDDLESHT ON A STICK!" Quote screamed, lunging out of the way as the Doctor slammed his now-super-strong fists into the floor.

"So this is how you want to play it, huh?" Quote thought to himself. "Well, TWO can play at THIS game..." he growled, pulling out the Blade as him and the Doctor charged into each other furiously.

Just as the Doctor was about to shoulder-slam Quote all the way across the room, Quote stuck out the Blade, which went right through the Doctor's arm and pierced directly into his heart.

"NO!" the Doctor screamed. "MY MUSCLES! MY BEAUTIFUL- ARRRGGGH!"

And, just like that, the Doctor melted into blood mist and flew away. "Eww...gross." Quote gagged, making his way up to the next and final floor, where the Core awaited.

The next room was simply a blank marble hallway, with the only distinguishing features being a tower of two platforms on the leftmost side and a cage for the Core on the rightmost side.

"Well, this is certainly a creepy change of pace..." Quote thought to himself, walking across one of the Core's former defense pods and making his way through the hallway, approaching the Core itself, which was currently dead, yet somehow still functioning.

"Stop right there, you crazy bastard!" Misery yelled at him, teleporting into the room.

"Make me." Quote taunted her.

"If you don't fucking stop what you're doing right this instant, I am going to fucking MURDER this innocent young child here!" Misery warned him, teleporting Sue into the room.

"You wouldn't fucking DARE!" Quote yelled at her.

"Oh, I fucking DARE!" Misery yelled back, smirking.

"Neither of you will ever make it out of this place alive anyway, so what does it even matter?" a mysterious voice in the air whispered to them, cackling.

"Who in the devil's name is that?" Misery wondered. "OH, SHIT, IT'S HIM!"

"Yes, it is I, the Doctor...or, at least, what remains of me, one might say." the Doctor laughed, as he was now in the form of a cloud of blood mist.

"Why, you...you deplorable, disgusting little-"

"What's wrong, Misery? MIMIGA got your tongue?" the Doctor laughed.

"Those who not only cheat on their girlfriends, but also cheat death...DIE, MOTHERFUCKER, DIE!" Misery screamed furiously, firing a magical barrage of bullets at him, forgetting that her bullets could not even touch the Doctor in his current form, let alone hurt him.

"It's called the three states of matter, my idiotic young pupil, have you ever heard of it?" the Doctor mocked her. "Anyway...since I've got nothing better to do, I'd say it's about time I tried possessing this sweet little Core here, why not?"

"NO, NO, NO, NO, NO-"

"Oh, don't worry, Misery!" the Doctor laughed. "There are certainly much worse fates than death! Like THIS for example!" he concluded, enveloping both Sue and Misery within his mist, causing them to mutate into grotesque monsters; Sue turned into a half-Mimiga, half-human hybrid, whereas Misery turned into a bizarrely deformed human-dragon hybrid.

"Oh, whatever, as long as they're both technically still anthropomorphic, who cares, really?" the Doctor laughed. "GET READY TO FACE YOUR ULTIMATE DOOM, QUOTE!"

"I'm really sorry to do this, Sue, but it looks like I have to!" Quote yelled, knocking Sue out with a well-timed rocket punch to the vagina.

"Next up, Misery! Get ready to feel my wrath, even though I kind of feel bad for you!" Quote yelled, frantically showering her with bullets while simultaneously dodging the Undead Core's barrage of fireballs, homing torpedos and swirling energy pellets.

"God damn it, stop summoning so many fucking enemies, would you PLEASE?!" Quote yelled at Misery as he finally took her down and killed all the enemies she had summoned.

Now, finally, with everyone else taken down, it was officially time to shut down the Undead Core for good. The strategy for beating the Core was, unsurprisingly, pretty much the same as before, except without the annoying water bullshit.

But then, for the umpteenth time, right when the Doctor was almost dead, Quote, standing on the middle platform, realized he had just run out of missiles! "Hmph...if there's one thing I've learned from this adventure, it's that I'm way too cool to just use normal in-game methods to finish off the bosses. TAKE THIS, MOTHERFUCKER!" he yelled, drawing out King's Blade and raising it skyward.

"King! This is it!" Quote yelled. "Become the instrument of my fucking revenge! Fucking ZA WARUDO!"

Suddenly, everything around Quote seemed to just...stop moving. "Holy shit...the message wasn't lying..." he realized. "Wait a minute...THAT'S IT! I can already feel the meme resurfacing within me! I know EXACTLY what to say now!"

"TOKI WA TOMARE!" he continued, summoning two giant handfuls of knives from his storage bank into his hands and throwing them at the Undead Core's face.

"ROAD ROLLER DA!" he yelled, leaping into the sky and crashing back down through the ceiling atop a freaking steamroller, right on top of the Undead Core.

"WRYYYYYYY!" he screamed like a vampire on crack, laughing maniacally.

"MUDA MUDA MUDA MUDA MUDA MUDA MUDA MUDA!" he roared, rapidly punching the steamroller with both arms so many times and so hard that it literally exploded as he leapt backward off of it onto the floor.

"Soshite ugoki ga, ugoki desu..." Quote muttered with his arms crossed, re-continuing the flow of time and sending all of the knives flying directly into the Undead Core's face, dealing the final blow.

As Quote dished out the final blow to the Undead Core, the thing suddenly stopped moving and collapsed onto the ground. It was still alive, but just barely.

"Should I shoot him now, or wait till we get home?" Quote asked. "Personally, I prefer the latter."

"No, wait!" Sue responded, waving her hands in front of Quote's face to deliver the important 'no-no' message she was clearly going for. "Let's hear what he has to say. PLEASE? He used to be one of my friends!" she got down on her knees and begged.

"Well, alright, but this better not be like that time when I found Kazuma's cockroach in my gluteus fracture." Quote replied, shrugging and rolling his eyes at his own remark.

Sue shrugged, groaned and rolled her own eyes in return, before turning back around to face what little was left of the Doctor's seemingly heartless soul.

"It's NOT ENOUGH..." the Doctor growled menacingly, despite being basically already dead.  
"ENSLAVE MORE...HAVE GOT TO ENSLAVE MORE!"

"For fuck's sake, just stop it!" Sue yelled at him, clenching her fists in rage. "This is such utterly senseless and racist violence and hatred towards our Mimiga people, and it must be stopped right this instant!"

The Doctor, chuckling gleefully at that remark, continued his monologue. "Violence isn't SUPPOSED to make sense, you inferior-intelligence buffoon! It's only FUN when it's senseless, my dear!"

"Why continue fighting, when you know deep down inside of your subconscious mind that in the end, it doesn't even matter? Why cling desperately to the last thread of your pathetically worthless excuse of a life, knowing that someday, everyone on this miserable, godforsaken joke of a planet will die?" the Doctor explained with a hint of sadness.

"All you have to do in order to find the true meaning of life is believe in yourself!" Sue yelled at him. "I learned it from reading The Hitch-Hiker's Guide To The Galaxy, no less! Guess a certain number between one and fifty."

"Fourty-two, schmirty-two..." the Doctor replied irritated. "The whole world's falling straight into hell, you and me included!"

"Life...Dreams...Hope...where do they come from, and where do they go?" the Doctor familiarly philosophized. "None of that Final Fantasy JUNK is enough to fulfill your kingdom HEARTS!"

"ENSLAVEMENT! ENSLAVEMENT IS WHAT MAKES LIFE WORTH LIVING! ENSLAVE, ENSLAVE, ENSLAVE! LET'S ENSLAVE EVERYONE!" As the poor batshit-insane bastard melodramatically screamed out his famous last words, the Undead Core exploded and burst into flames, leaving the remains of the Doctor's spirit floating in the air, cackling grimly.

"That was...beautiful..." Misery whispered, with tears of joy trickling down her subtly smiling face.  
"Sue, if you don't mind...can I give you a hug?" she asked.

"What's the magic word?" Sue asked smugly, crossing her arms and shutting her eyes as she said it.

"Sigh...please?" Misery groaned.

"NO!" Sue yelled at her.

"Hey, don't feel so bad!" Quote encouraged Misery, patting her shoulder. "Maybe she'll say yes next time if you ask her more politely!"

"Don't you get it?" Misery sobbed. "There probably won't BE a next time, you fucking lunatic!" she yelled, slapping him for dramatic effect.

"She's right!" Sue realized out loud, pointing at the ceiling. "This whole freaking place is already crumbling from the inside out as we speak. It's about to fall apart for crying out loud! Come on, no more time for chit-chat, LET'S GO FOR GOD'S SAKE! Hurry up already!" she explained frantically, grabbing Quote's arm and dragging him along behind her.

"You know what? Screw you guys. I'm not going home. I'd rather just die here with no friends to speak of." Misery wept. "Me and my shitty, alcoholic, emo self." And then she just laid down on the floor and slept.

"Come on, let's keep going! Pick up the pace, for fuck's sake!" Sue yelled as Quote was struggling to maintain the energy to keep running at full speed. "If you don't sprint like a man, you might get crushed by these giant mysteriously-falling-from-the-sky bricks, like how Jack got crushed underneath Mahin's fatass body when the two of them unwittingly slept together in their jail cell!"

"Wait, WHAT?" Quote asked frantically, shocked out of his mind. "How in the hell did THAT happen?"

"To make a long story short, Mahin weighs approximately two tons and rolls around in bed a lot." Sue explained.

"So Jack basically got ran over by a steamroller?" Quote asked.

"Basically." Sue replied, gasping for breath.

"You just made that up, didn't you?" Quote realized.

"Me? I would NEVER!" Sue blatantly lied.

"Sue, go ahead and jump off the balcony. It's your only choice." Quote instructed her. "There's unfinished business I need to take care of in this prefab house."

"Does it involve Curly?" Sue asked slyly.

"Maybe." Quote replied, shooting her a brief death glare and busting right through the front door to the house just as a giant brick was about to land right on top of him.

For unexplained reasons, there was now a hole in the floor. "Well, what's a soldier without bravery, I suppose..." he thought to himself, saving his progress and jumping straight down the hole

"Welcome to hell." A mysteriously satanic voice greeted Quote.

"Oh god. Oh man. Oh god, oh man, oh god, oh man, oh god, oh man, oh god, oh man!" Quote moaned, trembling and wetting his pants a little. "Well, what can I say? Even though I only have about 21 HP right now, this level shouldn't be too hard!"

TWENTY TRIES LATER...

"Alright, Curly, I've strapped you onto my back, ran directly through a shitstorm of giant falling blocks of doom, defeated hell's innumerable legions of fallen angels, maneuvered around a fuckload of spikes, narrowly avoided several instant death traps, bobbed and weaved through a myriad of arrows, leapt incredibly long distances, gotten a huge motherload of missiles for my launcher, and kept a piece of bacon in my pocket." Quote monologued. "Are you ready for the grand finale, the icing on the cake, the truly ultimate awakening of ultimate justice?"

"I will be once you finally stop talking, my dear!" Curly teased him.

"Alright, here we are, the final battle of ultimate des- Hey, wait a minute, what in the hell is this crap? We went through everything that this godforsaken shit heap of a level threw at us just for THIS!?" Quote groaned irritatedly, looking up and seeing that the boss was actually nothing more than a giant mechanical Thwomp.

A FEW SECONDS OF MISSILE SPAMMING LATER...

"Alright, it's dead!" Curly yelled as Quote stopped firing and just stood there in the center of the room; at that exact moment, Heavy Press's eye opened and it fell down to the ground, landing with so much weight and impact that it...crushed both of them into pancake.

"OH, GOD DAMN IT, YOU FUCKING CUNT!" Quote yelled as he was restarted back at the save point. "Not Curly, the boss..." he clarified.

MEANWHILE, AS QUOTE WAS TRYING OVER AND OVER AGAIN TO GET THROUGH THE LEVEL...

"You know what? I think I need to have a little talk with Jack." Misery realized.

"Alright, with Quote being gone, the bricks stopped falling from the sky for some odd reason. I guess everything just wants him dead now or some shit. Anyway, let's go! The coast is clear!" Sue signaled Jack and Mahin to come out of the Prefab House's closet.

Suddenly, as the two of them stepped out of the house, Misery appeared and teleported out of the area, bringing Jack, who was suddenly back in his normal outfit, with her.

"Where am I?" Jack wondered.

"The fifty-foot-long, twenty-foot wide maintenance platform of the biggest and tallest billboard on the highest point of this island, almost ten thousand feet above the Balcony!" Misery informed him; sure enough, it was a billboard for Cave Story.

"You see, I've had this whole thing planned out all along!" Misery laughed. "While you were busy wasting your time with whores like Chaco...while you were busy having sex with a flower and playing video games like a twelve-year-old faggot, my brilliant scheme was already coming to fruition!"

"You see, the thing is, if I win, you're just another pawn!" Misery began. "If you win, you'll just feel like an asshole because you beat up a woman!"

"Why'd you do this, Misery?" Jack begged to know.

"BECAUSE I CAN!" Misery yelled at him. "Because making pathetic, weak, helpless little rabbits like you- and the fucking morons who run this place- eat out of the palm of my hand just feels so damn SATISFYING!"

"FOR FUCK'S SAKE, I NEVER DID ANYTHING TO YOU!" Jack yelled at her, clenching both his fists and his teeth.

"Well, you certainly WOULD'VE, if I'd given you the chance! FACE IT, JACK: I'M SMARTER THAN YOU! HA HAAAAAAA!" Misery laughed like a crow.

"Oh, congratu-fucking-lations, you're SMARTER than me!" Jack sarcastically complimented her,

leaning back, throwing his arms out beside him with the palms of his hands facing outward, and rolling his eyes angrily. "You hate everyone and everyone hates you! FUCKING GENIUS!"

"The Doctor likes me!" Misery argued. "I set him up, turned your DUMB little island into a battleground, got numerous innocent little Mimigas brutally executed, UNFAIRLY, put several others, including you, into therapy, AND HE STILL LIKES ME!"

"YOU'RE SUCH A GODDAMNED BITCH!" Jack screamed at her.

"Hey, at least my father didn't die trying to do some stupid, pointless fucking KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOR bullshit!" Misery yelled.

"YOU'RE AS GOOD AS FUCKING DEAD, YOU HEAR ME?!" Jack screamed, lunging straight at her.

"Uh uh uhh!" Misery teased him, teleporting over to the side of him. "You gotta fight by the rules! ROUND 1: Magic Wand VS Metal Baseball Bat! Dude, get out your bat!"

Jack grabbed his treasured metal baseball bat and a trash-can-lid from his storage bank, using the trash-can lid as his shield, and the battle began. "EN GARDE!" Jack yelled as he thrust the tip of the bat into Misery's stomach, then whacked her upside the face with it.

"Hey, no fair, you didn't even give me a chance to ready my weapon!" Misery scolded him, swinging her wand at him as he blocked it with his bat, then knocked her over with a sweep kick and swung his bat straight down at her as she blocked it with her wand held horizontally between her hands, then rolled over to avoid his final smash and got back up onto her feet.

"EAT BRICKS!" Misery yelled, levitating into the air, summoning enormous bricks, swinging them around like a lasso, and hurling them directly at him with her magic power set to maximum. "HOLY SHITBALLS!" Jack screamed as he lunged out of the way of each brick.

"ULTIMATE BRICK!" Misery screamed as she summoned her largest brick yet, larger than any of the others, and was readying herself to slam it down on top of Jack. "ANY REGRETS, JACK?"

"Come on...come on...AH! HERE IT IS! Malco's Ultimate Firework Bomb!" Jack whispered as he pulled it out from his storage bank, throwing it straight up at the Ultimate Brick right as she was slamming it down. The explosion shattered the brick into pieces, and Jack ran around frantically with his shield held up high like an umbrella to avoid being crushed by the falling debris.

"GATLING BARRAGE!" Misery screamed, summoning a storm of bullets; luckily, Jack's trash-can-lid somehow managed to block all of them as he laid face-down on the ground behind a pile of rubble from the Ultimate Brick.

"DEATH BALL!" Misery screamed, hurling a mystical ball of energy at Jack.

"Ha, you think I've never seen THIS in a Zelda game before?" Jack laughed, deflecting the ball with his baseball bat, only for Misery to deflect it back with her wand, and so on, and so forth, until Misery eventually got tired, mistimed her swing, and was electrocuted by the orb's impact as it hit her.

"WHY, YOU LITTLE- LIGHTNING CANNON!" Misery screamed, firing a huge bolt of lightning at Jack, who absorbed it into his fur through his bat as static electricity, then shot it back out at her through his bat, electrocuting the shit out of her!

"GRR..." Misery growled, lowering herself back down onto the platform. "GOD DAMN IT, NO

MORE MESSING AROUND! IF WE'RE GONNA DO THIS, WE'RE GONNA DO IT FUCKING RIGHT! FROM THIS POINT ONWARD, THIS FIGHT SHALL BE A BAREHANDED FUCKING BRAWL!" she screamed.

"HMPH! YOU WANNA FUCKING GO?! I'LL GLADLY BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF YOU IF THAT'S WHAT IT FREAKING TAKES!" Jack yelled, ripping his shirt off.

"Umm...Jack, you do realize you just stripped yourself NAKED in the middle of our ultimate showdown, right?" Misery asked him, cocking an eyebrow.

"You know what? AT THIS POINT, I DON'T EVEN FUCKING CARE! LET'S RUMBLE!" Jack yelled.

Misery took two huge swings with her fists, but Jack managed to duck under both of them, then he sprang straight up with his rabbit legs and kicked her right in the vagina with full force.

"OoOOOOOOoOoOOH!" Misery squealed in pain as Jack punched her in the face, knocking her over, then leapt directly onto her boobs and punched her in the face repeatedly with both arms.

"HEY, YOU CAN'T DO THAT! Also, I think my vagina is bleeding now!" Misery scolded him loudly, spitting two of her broken-loose teeth into Jack's face and springing back up onto her feet, throwing Jack off of her chest.

Misery tried to kick Jack in the groin, but Jack grabbed her leg reflexively and swung her backward, right over his head, into the ground.

Misery continued trying to fight back, but it was simply no use; all she could do was merely attempt in vain to defend herself by raising her arms up in front of her face!

Eventually, Misery gave up and stopped fighting. "I surrender..." she moaned, dropping her magic wand onto the ground and kneeling in front of him. Jack grabbed her by the collar, held her up in front of his face, and asked her the most important question of all:

"DO YOU REALLY MEAN IT?"

"OF COURSE NOT- OoOOOOOOoOoOOH!" Misery squealed in pain yet again as Jack kneed her right in the vagina and shoved her off the width-wise edge of the platform; luckily, she did a backflip in midair and grabbed onto the ledge with her hands, but she was just too weak to pull herself up.

"JUST ACCEPT ME FOR WHO I AM AND STOP FUCKING FIGHTING!" Jack yelled at her, putting his shirt back on.

"NEVER! I'LL NEVER JOIN YOU!" Misery screamed.

"Well, then...goodbye, Misery." Jack concluded, stomping on Misery's hands with his huge rabbit foot and sending her falling who-knows-how-many meters to her death.

"Good fucking riddance..." Jack spat, grabbing Misery's magic wand and calling Balrog. "Alright, look, Balrog, Misery's dead and I am now the new wielder of the wand, so I am your new master now. Heed my instructions, and heed them good- when the time comes, rescue Quote and Curly. Oh, and, also, don't tell them that Misery is dead, okay?" he instructed Balrog.

"Sure thing, pal." Balrog replied. "Great. Bye!" Jack finished, hanging up. Last but not least, Jack teleported back to where Mahin and Sue were standing on the Balcony.

"Hello, Sue and Mahin." Jack greeted them. "I've got Misery's wand now. I killed her, and now I'm going to throw this stupid thing off the fucking cliff!"

"That's cool." Sue replied. "But we can't jump off the cliff until we have proof that my dragon will save us!"

"Damnit!" Jack yelled. "You want proof? I'll give you proof! Here's proof of what'll happen to your fucking sanity if you stay here too long! I'M IN LOVE WITH A FUCKING FLOWER!" At that moment, tortured and tormented by the horrors (and the whores) of society, he suddenly went insane.

"I'm gonna show YOU, Sue!" Jack laughed ominously. "With Rose's information and my preparations, I can continue to kill people whose names are mentioned in this game, while masquerading as a typical nerd-glasses cliché studying for his dorky-ness exams!"

"Just WATCH me, Sue." Jack growled. "I'll allow my deepest, darkest, most embarrassing repressed memories of my pathetically miserable high school years to come flooding back into my tranquil mind once again...while masturbating with my right hand, and writing love letters with my left!" Jack continued.

"I'll take a red flower...AND EAT IT!" he yelled over-dramatically like a ponce as he brought his previously beloved Rose to his lips and ate her, tears streaming down his heart-meltingly adorable face as he did so.

"Oh, shit, it looks like I'ma gonna have to perform the Him-lick!" Mahin realized, tackling Jack over and body-slammimg him right on his borderline-malnourished stomach. Mahin screamed at the top of his lungs as Jack suddenly vomited from the immense pressure to his stomach, causing the partially digested flower to fly straight into Mahin's mouth.

"OH MY GOD, WHAT IS THAT THING YOU HAVE IN YOUR MOUTH?" Jack asked, panicking.

"I think it's your girlfriend." Mahin answered.

"WHAT?! FOR FUCK'S SAKE, DON'T SWALLOW MY BELOVED ROSE! SHE WAS LIKE A FLOWER TO ME!" Jack screamed frantically, tackling Mahin onto the ground, leaping onto Mahin's portly belly and sticking his entire leg down Mahin's throat, since, after all, gagging someone with your finger is just too mainstream.

"TASTE THE MAJESTIC, SWEaty FOOT OF...SOME RANDOM, UH, GUY WITH AN ABSURDLY GENERIC NAME!" Jack bellowed both maniacally and egotistically, his insanity reaching its literal climax.

"SEE HOW IT LEAKS BLISSFULLY FOR YOU! SMELL ITS WONDROUS AROMA OF WEEK-OLD LIMBURGER CHEESE! FEEL THE UNBELIEVABLE CUTENESS OF MY PEERLESSLY ADORABLE ANTHROPOMORPHIC TOES WIGGLING INSIDE YOUR BODY WITH ENOUGH FORCE TO SHATTER THE ENTIRE FUCKING UNIVERSE INTOFOURTY-TWO MILLION AND A HALFSCUM-SUCKING PIECES! GORGE YOURSELF UPON ITS DELICIOUSLY BARE, NAKED, THREE-DIGIT BEAUTY LIKE A FAT KID GORGES HIMSELF ON CHOCOLATE FUCKING CAKE!" Jack ranted and raved over-excitedly.

"Oh, wait, that didn't really help Marshmallow go to sleep, did it?" Jack realized.

"Nice going, mon frére." Sue scolded him, rolling her eyes and face-palming. "Also, what the fuck

was that?"

"True art is incomprehensible, young grasshopper." Jack replied. "Tell me, Sue, why do you hate mustard?"

"Why do nerds wear glasses?" Sue asked smugly with a smirk, crossing her arms at him.

"BECAUSE IT'S HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOT!" Jack screamed at the top of his lungs as he ran and leaped off the edge of the balcony with Mahin clinging onto him; Mahin ate him and died of nerd cancer as they were falling. "OH MY GOD, HE'S SO FUCKING NERDY I CAN LITERALLY FEEL HIS GOD-DAMNED NERDY-NESS CONSUMING MY ENTIRE FUCKING BRAIN FROM THE INSIDE OUT! MAYDAY! MAYDAY!" Mahin screamed in agony as the disease melted his entire brain into a thick gooey white paste that poured out through his ears.

MEANWHILE, BACK IN HELL...

Having finally defeated Heavy Press, Quote and Curly went through the giant hole that its massive impact left in the floor, which led into a mysterious hallway.

"Okay, so, from what I can gather, since the bottom of this room is where Heavy Press landed, and there's also no bottom-left door, I would assume that the bottom-right door leads to the final boss, whoever that may be." Quote explained.

"Dude, for the millionth fucking time, it's Ballos for God's sake! How many fucking times do I have to tell you?" Curly reminded him.

"Whatever." Quote replied. "Anyway, let's try the upper-left door first. Maybe it leads to a save point."

"THERE'S A TIME AND A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING, QUOTE...BUT NOT NOW." the door told him, auto-locking itself.

"Dammit, let's just try the upper-right door, then." Quote suggested.

Sure enough, the upper-right door led to a statue gallery room. "Dammit, still no save points?" Quote realized. "Alright, no more fucking around, cause it looks like we're gonna have to beat this entire level AND defeat the final boss with no save points in between!"

"Ooh, that type of difficulty spike stings harder than my periods!" Curly cringed.

"Eww, these statues are ugly! Let's fix em up!" Quote suggested, noticing that the statues were all statues of past and present bad guys; the Doctor's previous three ancestors, and the ever-so-infamous Doctor himself. Through some sort of godlike power, he re-chiseled the statues into good-guy statues simply by SHOOTING THEM WITH HIS POLAR STAR.

Using this ridiculously impossible secret talent of his, he decided to re-chisel the statues into statues of King, Toroko, Curly...and himself.

"Hey, what about Jack?" Curly asked him. "Why not him? I guess the poor kid just never gets any proper attention or recognition whatsoever..."

"Meh, he didn't really have much of a role in the story anyway." Quote replied.

"WHAT?! You sick man! That's just downright cruel of you! He was such an innocent, cute and

adorable little boy! Show the nerds some respect!" Curly scolded him, lightly smacking him with the back of her hand.

Once he was finished with that tomfoolery, he went into the lower-right doorway of the main hallway, which led into another, much longer, outdoor hallway. For some reason, there was a whimpering ghost dog sitting at the end of the hallway.

"Aww, it's so cute!" Curly moaned. "Let's see what it has to say, shall we? Please please please?"

"Alright, alright, alright for fuck's sake!" Quote groaned exasperatedly, approaching the ghost dog. "Hello, sir, what would your name be?" he asked the dog.

"I don't have one." the dog whimpered. "Please kill my master. He literally tried to rape me and sell me on E-Bay, and his cruelty doesn't even end there! His magic power is so freaking OP! Please, I beg of you, please find some way to at least nerf it for God's sake!" And with that, the dog vanished from existence.

Opening the next door, Quote and Curly fell into the vast Seal Chamber where Ballos was waiting for them. "Wow, right in between two fucking sets of spikes, how fucking convenient!" Quote said sarcastically.

"Skeletons carpeting the entire floor...ominous Roman pillars everywhere...wow, this is some hardcore Gothic shit right here!" Curly complimented the architects who built the place.

Standing in the center of the room, right in front of his throne, was Ballos, with his eyes closed for some stupid reason; he was about three times Quote's height and had a psychotic grin on his face. "Welcome, noobs. I am Ballos, the wicked Level 99 Wizard of the East." he greeted them, with his right palm resting on his chest to emphasize his welcoming attitude toward them.

"A few years ago, back when people actually gave a shit about World Of Warcraft, I was a world-renowned master of the game." Ballos began to monologue. "I would sit alone in my basement every day on my computer, clicking on monsters, casting magic spells, and talking shit on the voice chat. With my simple yet insanely effective strategy and a fair bit of hacking, I was essentially more or less unstoppable."

"But then one day I let my power grow out of control." he continued, with the crazy shit-eating grin still not disappearing from his face. "The admins foolishly decided to ban me from the game for being too much of an obnoxious phallus-head, which made me awfully angry. If there's one thing you should know about Internet trolls, it's the fact that they can never quite stomach the things that they can dish out; in fact, this is actually their primary weakness, believe it or not."

"And so the mighty heroes of Warcraft have fallen, thanks to the perpetual, unyieldingly endless stupidity of mankind." he continued even further. "Upon realizing my fate, I reinvented something that no man in modern times before me had even dared to reinvent...real life magic. Harnessing the true power of this twisted, destructive, maniacal new discovery of mine, I permanently erased World Of Warcraft and all of its creators from existence, and then I murdered my entire family as punishment for calling me a basement dweller."

"And now that I've been eternally grounded for life here in this stinking Hell's chamber, I can no longer distinguish friend from foe. Anyone who is too feeble-minded and stupid to comprehend the nigh-limitless power of true black sorcery must be destroyed! Now, we shall see who's better equipped...IN A FIGHT TO THE DEATH!" Ballos screamed, opening his eyes, one of which was glowing red. "You wanted me? Well, NOW YOU'VE GOT ME!"

"So, uhh...were you even listening to all that?" Ballos asked.

"Uhh...well, sorry, but...no, not really." Quote replied, waking from his boredom-induced slumber.  
"What game were you playing again?"

"**WHY, YOU GODDAMNED MOTHERFUCKERS! GET THE HELL OVER HERE!**" Ballos screamed furiously, using his levitation powers to charge shoulder-first into Quote, sending him flying almost halfway across the room.

"Hmph..." Ballos sneered. "If my strength alone isn't enough to stop you, maybe **THIS** will!" he yelled, levitating high up above them and casting Vile Voltage. A lightning storm was generated out of thin air, and, somehow, Quote was able to dodge every single bolt, even with the lightning clearly being attracted toward his metallic body.

"**WHAT?** This makes no fucking sense!" Ballos yelled. "Heroes really can survive anything, can't they?"

Standing directly underneath Ballos, Quote began pumping Polar Star shots into him. "**You DARE** shoot me in the **GROIN?**" Ballos yelled angrily, readying himself to summon one last bolt. "**YOU MUST DIE!**"

However, forgetting that Quote was right above him, he summoned the bolt right above himself. The bolt hit him right in the brain, almost frying him unconscious...but he still had a few more tricks up his sleeve.

"Behold my true form and despair!" Ballos commanded them dramatically as his bizarre new form, an enormous ball of rock with his face on it, landed on the floor.

"What in the flying fuck is that thing?" Quote asked.

"Dunno...looks a lot like the moon from Majora's Mask, except with Ballos' face on it." Curly replied.

"Wait a minute...Mimiga mask...THREE DAYS...MOON FROM MAJORA'S MASK...oh, God damn it, how could I have been ignorant enough to not notice this? **THIS GAME IS OBVIOUSLY MAJORA'S FUCKING MASK IN DISGUISE!**" Quote realized.

"**THIS IS MY TRUE FORM!**" Ballos yelled at them. "Behold it and despair!"

And with that, Ballos jumped and landed on the floor three times in a row every few seconds, scattering bones everywhere each time as Quote ran under him. "Wow, what a predictable pattern!" Quote snickered.

"**YOU DARE INSULT MY FLAWLESSLY MEMORABLE PATTERN?!**" Ballos yelled. "Oh, wait..." Sure enough, Quote was perched right on top of his lower eyelid. Ballos screamed in pain as Quote began spamming Level 2 blades into his eyes.

"**THIS ISN'T EVEN MY FINAL FORM!**" Ballos screamed, shutting his now-blinded eyes and surrounding himself with a rotating octagon-shaped arrangement of eye rocks. "**LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN JUST RUN UNDER THIS-** oh, wait."

Once Quote had blasted all eight eyes shut, Ballos levitated into the center of the room and began shaking, his eye-rock shield rotating rapidly as a similar, albeit much slower, rotating arrangement of platforms appeared around him.

"NOW...BEHOLD my TRUE form and DESPAIRRRR!" Ballos screamed at the top of his lungs as his eye sockets and mouth burst open, splattering the blood of all the poor souls he had eaten all over the place.

"You got blood on my beautiful red fucking HAT!" Quote scolded him angrily. "Now you're going to fucking PAY!" he yelled, taking out his missile launcher and blasting the shit out of the vulnerable half of Ballos' defense eyes, followed by Ballos himself. But just as he was about to defeat Ballos, he ran out of missiles. And his Polar Star was out of batteries as well, and, worst of all, Curly's Nemesis was even literally firing rubber ducks! "Shit, what am I gonna do now?" he thought to himself. "There's fucking demonic angels shooting me with flying fucking arrows from all fucking directions and I'm running out of fucking health. There's only one fucking thing left to do..."

Suddenly, King's spirit yelled "ZA WARUDO!", stopping time once again. "Use the grenade, Quote..." King's voice echoed through Quote's mind. "Trust us, Quote...we will gladly sacrifice ourselves if it means that the world will be saved from destruction. Rub lotion on our backs and we'll rub lotion on yours, Quote." Jack explained. "And we'll also give you a lollipop with a nice big smiley face on it too! YAY!" Toroko added excessively.

"For fuck's sake, Jack, we're both dead! Not to mention that at least two of us are also straight!" King corrected him. "Oh, yeah, right...my bad." Jack snickered.

"Whee! I love you so much, you're my favorite friend in the whole wide world! Look at me, I'm still just an adorable huggable cuddly-wuddly lil' bunny! Sweeter than a marshmallow! Huggie wuggie wuggie! Let's snuggle! YAY!" Toroko squealed delightfully with more than a slight tinge of sarcasm, deliberately mocking her own irreplaceably intense, albeit try-hard, cuteness.

"The grenade...THAT'S IT!" Quote suddenly realized with delight, reaching into his back pocket and pulling out his one and only Holy Hand Grenade. Holding it up into the air, he watched as the grenade absorbed the vengeful spirits of Jack, King and Toroko.

"I HAVE THE POWER!" Quote yelled epically at the top of his lungs, his voice echoing all the way from the Seal Chamber to Tokyo and back. And then, our savior, Quote, reached toward the heavens yet again, with grenade still in hand, saying, "O King, bless this thy hand grenade that, with it, thou mayest blow thine enemies to tiny bits, in thy mercy."

And with that, Quote threw the grenade with a combination of shockingly weak physical force and devastatingly powerful emotional force; he almost missed, but the spirits contained within the grenade allowed it to change course in midair and fly directly into Ballos' eye socket just as time began to flow again. "Huzzah, motherfucker."

The grenade exploded in an amazingly awesome and nuclear fashion, releasing so much light energy that it caused the entire room to flash pure white for several seconds, shattering Ballos into at least ten thousand bloody pieces and causing both Quote's and Curly's jaws to drop to the floor with sheer, utter amazement. And with that, Quote began to sing. "Now you're dead, we're dead cause we killed you-"

"No time for celebration just yet!" Curly reminded him. "Do you hear someone speaking or is that just me?"

"Quote, Quote, Quote...IT HURTS, QUOTE...PLEASE...GO AWAY...OH, GOD...IT BURNS..." Ballos's disembodied voice bone-chillingly moaned through the air as the walls began to close in on the two of them.

"Shit, what're we gonna do now?" they frantically wondered to themselves. Suddenly, they heard a familiar voice. "OH, YEAH!" Balrog yelled as he busted in through the ceiling. "Now that you've gotten rid of the Demon Crown's influence, Misery finally stopped whining about how emo she is and decided to let me help you guys. Thank the almighty Lord...I was so tired of hearing her listen to Linkin Park everywhere she went." Balrog explained.

"Anyway, climb onto my body!" Balrog commanded them, causing Quote to snigger. "JUST CLIMB ONTO MY FREAKING HEAD AND GET THIS STUPID SHIT OVER WITH, WILL YOU!?" Balrog yelled angrily at him.

And so they climbed onto him and he jumped right through the ceiling. "Oh my god, is your head alright?" Curly asked.

"Mimigas taste good with ketchup." Balrog replied. "ERR, I MEAN YES, MY HEAD IS PERFECTLY FINE!"

"I always did wonder about him..." Quote whispered to Curly.

"What was that?" Balrog asked him arrogantly.

"Oh, nothing." Quote replied, whistling innocently. "Let's just find a hotel and stay there for a night while we think about where to live, shall we?"

"That sounds alright!" Curly replied as the island finally stopped falling. "Hey, toaster, you got any money in ya?"

"I'M NOT A FUCKING TOASTER! WHEN WILL YOU PEOPLE UNDERSTAND THAT?!" Balrog screamed in pure pent-up aggravation at the fact that no one understood exactly what he was.

## Ending

As her reward for being patient and actually waiting for her dragon to come, Sue was eventually rescued by her dragon and returned home safely; she and Itoh were both transformed back into humans by Michelle's remarkably amazing technology.

Neither Jack nor Mahin were ever heard from again, but Mahin's body was eventually located with Jack's trademark hat and glasses sitting right next to it, prompting Quote and Curly to hold a cheaply made funeral in the Campbell's football stadium in Philadelphia for the two of them, with the audience being comprised entirely of Robot Kazuma, Booster, Sue, and a whole bunch of Mimigas.

Quote began speaking through the microphone. "Now that everyone is seated here for this boring and depressing funeral about the two characters whom no one gave a fuck about-"

"QUOTE!" Curly scolded him, smacking him on the arm lightly.

"AHEM! These two beloved young gentlemen who met their horrendous fate all too soon," Quote corrected himself, "I sincerely hope that everyone here has a handkerchief, because things are about to get really sad, like me not knowing how to drive a stick shift."

"You think this is funny, don't you?" Curly growled angrily at him.

"Not as funny as THIS!" Quote responded gleefully, putting on a Balrog costume. "Hey, look at me, I'm a fuckin' toaster! HUZZAH! Oh, shit, I tripped over a god-damned pebble. MY ONE WEAKNESS!"

"Alright." Curly groaned after everyone in the audience finished laughing. "Does anyone have any additional questions to ask me? If so, raise your hand."

"Do you really have to allow smelly old farts like Booster to attend the funeral?" Robot Kazuma asked.

"Shut up before I stab you." Booster warned him.

"Can I see your boobs?" Kanpachi asked.

"What- NO! What the hell kind of question is that?!" Curly yelled at him disgustedly.

"Oh, yes I can. Kanpachi sees all." Kanpachi informed her eerily.

"Just between you and me, I think Kanpachi is actually Jesus in disguise." Quote whispered.

"Well, who's King supposed to be, then? Let me guess...Chuck Norris?" Curly whispered back.

"Hell, for all we know, he could be BATMAN!" Quote whispered.

"Batman ain't got shit on me. Your argument is invalid." King's spirit informed them smugly.

"Chuck Norris is not amused." Quote concluded.

"Anyway, on to the funeral." Curly continued. "First of all, I would like to cover...what was this guy's name again? Oh yes, Jack!" she remembered, displaying a portrait of Jack to the audience.

"That's me..." Jack groaned through his gas mask, pausing the video as he and Mahin were busy sitting on a couch in heaven, watching the funeral on-demand on their giant plasma-screen computer television; there was a huge stack of pizza boxes on the side table, the air smelled like farts, and Mahin was asleep, mumbling to himself about pizza. Jack's eyes were bloodshot and twitching from the sleepless nonstop annoyance.

"Grr...gah...alright, I can't take it anymore. I just- I just can't take this shit anymore. Even his feet aren't worth it at this point." Jack stammered, leaning over to Mahin's right ear and lifting it up.

"STOP MUMBLING ABOUT FUCKING PIZZA!" Jack screamed directly into Mahin's earhole, startling him into waking up.

"You know, you need to eat a little bit less of my pizza...you ate like a full twenty percent of it for crying out loud." Mahin scolded Jack for no apparent reason whatsoever.

"HABLHBLUHBLUGH...HABLBLBLBLBLBLUGH...HABULUGUGUGUGH...WHAT'D YOU SAY, NIGGA?!" Jack raged furiously at him, foaming at the mouth angrily. He stood up, pulled his shirt completely off and posed for the camera, causing Mahin's nose to suddenly bleed uncontrollably.

"Look at this catastrophe, I'm a fucking skeleton with skin on it! I get that we're supposed to be the 'fat and skinny' duo and all, but seriously, this right here is just flat-out fucking ridiculous!" Jack explained. "I mean, honestly, I can even still see my ribcage for God's sake! I call her Ribbie..." Jack sobbed.

"Uh, Jack, why are you wearing Curly's panties?" Mahin asked, shoving the mandatory tissues in his nostrils.

"Oh, don't ask. I'm just a sexy nerdy little thief like that." Jack replied, blushing and holding yet another lollipop, which made Mahin's nose gush even harder. "OH MY GOD, MAKE IT STOP!" Mahin screamed.

"Don't worry, cotton balloon, I STILL LOVE YOU!" Jack cried, throwing his arms around Mahin and snuggling him on the couch, nibbling his ears and even french-kissing him human-style...while naked, no less.

"Da fuck?" Mahin thought to himself, obviously blushing from the intense awkwardness of the whole situation. "I have the weirdest boner right now..."

"I have one last thing to ask, sir, if you don't mind...may I lick your oh-so-wholesome feet? Just one more time? Perhaps even give them a nice, soothing little...massage?" Jack asked nervously, hiding a feather behind his back.

"Uhh...what's the magic word?" Mahin reminded him even more nervously.

"Ha! GAYYY!" God's voice echoed into their ears, laughing with amusement at their expense.

"This just got really awkward..." Jack whimpered, blushing so hard that even his ears were glowing bright pink and his face was literally glowing bright red like Rudolph's nose as he put his shirt back on and sat back down. "We shall never speak of this moment again."

"Agreed." Mahin replied, giving Jack the traditional high-five of agreement as Jack grabbed his remote and unpause the video; the two of them both crossed their legs on the coffee table and continued watching their own funeral on TV.

"You see, Jack was a very intelligent and obviously very cute young member of the Mimiga race, and quite frankly, I think that he deserves a lot more credit for rebuilding Mimiga Town with his bare Russian-hat-wearing hands, having enough credibility to become King's second-in-command, and having what is probably the snazziest outfit I've ever seen a Mimiga wear." Curly explained. "Oh, and also the glasses. I've got a real thing for nerd glasses. Love em."

"Yup, come on, praise the lord! Praise the lord! All hail Jack!" Jack rooted for the audience even though they presumably couldn't hear him speaking. "Hey, Mahin, you be Jacques, I'll be JonTron!"

"Shouldn't it be the other way around, Jack?" Mahin asked.

"You know what, fuck this, let's just go already! WATCHING OUR OWN DEPRESSING FUNERAL AHOY! YEE-HAW!" Jack encouraged him.

"Hey, I'm fat! I'm not so fat! AND WE'RE MIMIGAS!" Jack and Mahin sang together as they redirected their focus back to the video.

"Anyway," Quote chimed in, "the point we're ultimately trying to make here is that Jack will be forever remembered for his good deeds, his dashing good looks, his adorable personality, his rather bizarre case of foot fetishism-"

"HEY, HEY, HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!" Jack panicked, pausing the video. "I do NOT have an obsession with feet of any kind, and I never will!"

"Oh, yes you do, pretty prince!" Mahin giggled like a schoolgirl.

"That's just sickening!" Jack spat as he unpause the video. "I would NEVER do such a thing! ANYTHING of the sort!" Mahin just continued laughing in response.

"-his incredibly mundane job-

"True." Jack agreed.

"-and his glasses. Mostly his glasses." Quote finished.

"Du-WHAT-Du-WH-WH-WH-WH-WU...WH-WH-WH THE FUCK?!" Jack yelled, throwing his arms out in front of him. "THE FUCK IS THIS SHIT? I GET RECOGNIZED FOR MY FUCKING DORKY-ASS NERD GLASSES THAT I ONLY WEAR FOR THE SAKE OF LOOKING LIKE A GOD-DAMNED HIPSTER FOR FUCK'S SAKE, AND THEY DON'T EVEN ACKNOWLEDGE MY COUNTLESS AMAZING DEEDS?!"

"Well, to be fair, what amazing deeds have you done lately?" Mahin asked. "Getting completely frigging wasted on cocaine? Scrubbing the frigging graveyard? Giving Sue a frigging abortion?"

"Well...I guess I have a really sexy pair of glasses!" Jack replied.

"Exactly." Mahin replied back as the video continued.

"Next off our list, we have Mahin." Curly informed the audience as Quote displayed a badly-drawn picture of Mahin.

"WHAT? That doesn't even look anything like me!" Mahin yelled, throwing his arms out in front of him. "It...it looks like a sack of potatoes with a dead fish thrown on top of it! Fuck if I know how else to describe that shit!" he ranted.

"Indeed, the resemblance to you is, in fact, rather uncanny indeed." Jack snickered.

"Oh yeah? Well...well...What if I told YOU that you look like my mom on vacation?!" Mahin snapped at him.

"Ah...good times, good times." Jack replied, leaning back on the couch, removing his glasses and putting cucumbers over his eyes.

"...and we just finished listing all of the notoriously delicious and ridiculously fattening things that Mahin just loves to eat, to the point where his best friend almost literally starved to death because of it!" Quote concluded, blowing a trumpet to wake up the audience.

"Those sure were good times too..." Jack said sarcastically as Mahin buried his face in his hands and wept in silence.

"Well, unfortunately, that's all we can really say about Mahin for the time being..." Curly informed the audience.

"Yeah, Curly!" Quote yelled enthusiastically, grabbing the microphone. "He died as he lived...MORBIDLY OBESE!" he yelled so loudly that everyone in the neighborhood could hear it.

"WHAT THE FUCK, QUOTE?!" Jack yelled angrily, throwing the cucumbers off of his face and shoving his glasses back on. "You just made your entire audience throw tomatoes to you!"

"No, wait, stop, I'm, uhh...highly allergic to citric acid!" Quote desperately attempted to lie to the audience as they all threw tomatoes at him in unison.

"We are on a mission from God." Upon hearing Quote insult their personal goddess Mahin, Mimiga terrorist pilots from the Middle East dropped a nuclear bomb on top of the funeral and everyone died. The end.

"Well, that's about enough life for today, let me just...aw, dammit, I'm already dead." Jack groaned, learning in dismay that there was no way to jump out of heaven.

"That...was...AWESOME!" Quote yelled, bursting into the room.

"Sigh...here we go again..." Jack groaned.

THE END

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!